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THE NEW YORKER

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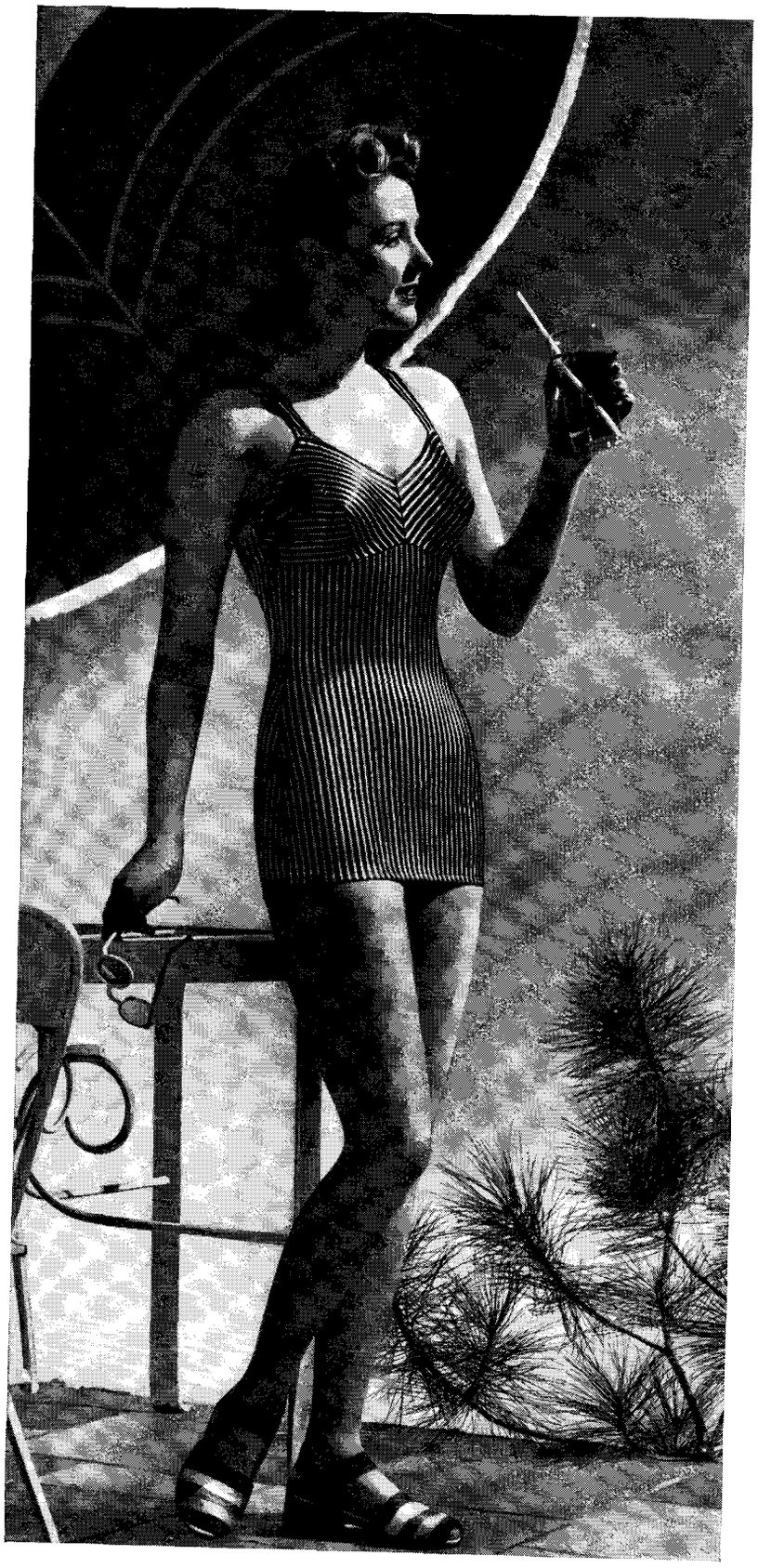

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GOINGS ON

ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Beautiful People—Admirers of William Saroyan will probably love the Webster family, who suffer about equally from mice and whimsy; others had better stay home. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted, in which Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring and Thelma Schnee. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—A first-rate revival of Bernard Shaw's play exposing medical and artistic morality on one and the same stage. Katharine Cornell heads a remarkable cast, which includes Bramwell Fletcher, Cecil Humphreys, Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Native Son—A lot about Communism as well as one murder have been omitted from this version of Richard Wright's novel, but it is still a brutal and fascinating play. Canada Lee gives a remarkable performance in the leading rôle and Orson Welles has done an expert job of direction. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis is probably the finest play of the year. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Snookie—A farce by Thomas A. Johnstone, with William Harrigan and J. C. and Eddie Nugent, produced by Olsen and Johnson. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40. Thurs. and Sat., June 5 and 7, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 14. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—One of Broadway's oldest institutions, in which Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton have taken over the Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—A big skating show which starts off by being very exciting and then gets somewhat tiresome. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun. Closes Sat., June 14.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence, skipping back and forth between her psychoanalyst's office and the dreamworld, is superb in Moss Hart's musical fantasy, which otherwise might be rather tiresome. Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill are responsible for the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sun. Eve., June 15, with an Actors' Fund performance at 8:35.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore's efforts to clean up New Orleans are hampered by Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people. A fine musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some superior songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, and June Havoc are prominent in the dirty work. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's songs in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. With Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will put on "The Yeomen of the Guard," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., June 5 and 7 and 12 and 14, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—The Children's Opera Company will present "The Sleeping Beauty," Sat. Aft., June 7, at 2:30. (City College, 17 Lexington, at 23. For tickets, call PL 3-3014.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant warm-weather spot, with Jules Lande's orchestra.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—An ingratiating sort of place, where people like to get together in the evening—early or late. Bob Knight's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A pace-setter among the local tropics, with songs by Yvette and music by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8709)—Very much the same as it's always been, with almost exactly the same faces. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A luxurious retreat for an hour or an evening. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This is going a bit giddy at the moment with a show that includes three strip-teasers, but is otherwise little changed. John Buckmaster and Ted Straeter's orchestra are also on hand.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The De Marcos are in the Persian Room, and so is Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The show in Radio City's aerial nook includes Billy de Wolfe, Agnes de Mille, Hugh Laing, Barry Winton's orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof is now open, with Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band providing the music. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Peggy Fears will replace Hildegarde in the Café Lounge on Fri., June 13. Emile Petti's orchestra will stay on.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Music by Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of Broadway about it. Jean Sablon sings French songs, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The present show on the Starlight Roof, headed by Margo, will be replaced by a new one on Fri., June 13. Xavier Cugat's orchestra will remain.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a bandbox of a place, with Brenda Forbes heading the bill. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy has a fine collection of robust songs, Betty Bryant has as many nostalgic numbers, and Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen supply plenty of swing. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Joseph C. Smith's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . .

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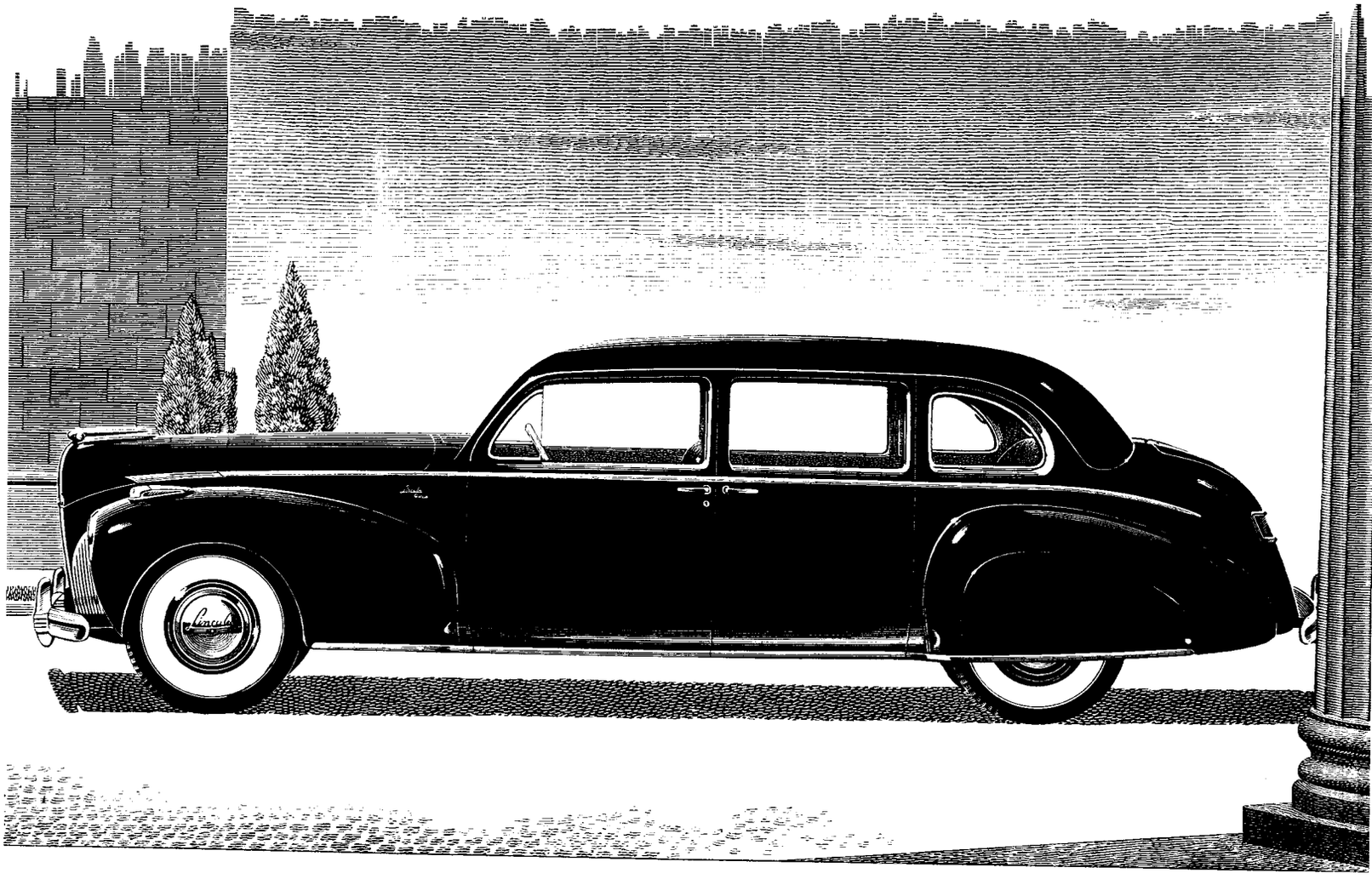

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Jack Gilford and such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **BILTMORE ROOF,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Gene Krupa's orchestra will be replaced by Bobby Byrne's on Mon., June 9. . . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine on a warm evening; Bobby Parks' orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded retreat, with music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you'll probably enjoy the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): all decked out à la South Seas, with Carmen D'Antonio and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard are all in the Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Helena Horne, Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, Stuff Smith, the Clarence Profit Trio, Hot Lips Page's band, and sawdust on the floor. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio perform six nights a week; on Tues., a juke box takes over.

AL-FRESCO—A couple of places where the dance floor is practically out under the trees: **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), and **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600). . . . Some Village places' sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; the **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

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JUST OUT OF TOWN—Ben Marden's **RIVIERA,** at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Pancho's orchestra and a show. . . . **GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra. . . . **MEADOWBROOK,** on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Bobby Byrne's orchestra, through Sun., June 8. Vaughn Monroe's orchestra, beginning Wed., June 11. Closed Mon.; relief band Tues.

ART

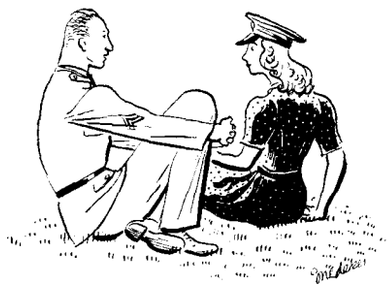
AMERICANS—Paintings by Thomas Birch and William S. Mount in a group that includes works by a number of less well-known nineteenth-century artists: John Levy, 1 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 13.

BAUM AND DAY—Pleasantly naive landscapes by Baum; Miss Day goes in for strong linear design, which shows up best in her industrial scenes: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 6.

BENDIX—Water colors of flowers, agreeably old-fashioned in atmosphere: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 6.

BROOK—Remarkably able, ingratiating paintings in his first one-man show in five years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., June 7.

CALDER—New works, most of them very lively and striking, by the creator of "mobile" sculptures: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 14.



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CRASKE—Sea scenes, some in water color and some in old-fashioned needlework, by a talented English modern primitive: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 6.

DEHN—Water colors, keen and witty in observation: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 7.

EUROPEAN—Paintings, tapestries, and other works, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

FRENCH—Several nice Vlamincks in a show that ranges from Signac to Di Chirico: French Art, 51 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 26.

GROUPS—At the **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Maurice Sterne and Saul Berman show interesting pieces in a group of contemporary oils. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 18 E. 57: paintings by French, German, and American artists in a general survey of the modern schools. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne leads a group of works by Werner Drewes, Chagall, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 21. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: paintings of the Hudson River by a varied group that includes Harold Baumbach, John C. Pellew, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 12. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by John Costigan, Joseph DeMartini, and other Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 15.

HAYTER—Over-involved, frequently interesting abstract engravings on plaster: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 7.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—A slightly bric-a-bracky but occasionally interesting exhibition of paintings, porcelains, etc., illustrating the influence of the China Trade on American and European art. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 21.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—"Britain at War," an exhibition of posters, cartoons, photographs, and paintings, showing what English artists are doing (through Aug. 30); also, photographs, models, drawings, and plans, illustrating the monumental side of the TVA (through Sun., June 8). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

PRINTS—Representative exhibit of etchings, engravings, and drawings by Jacques Callot, the seventeenth-century master: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 15.

SCULPTURE—At the **VILLAGE SQUARE,** 6 Ave. at 8: the third outdoor exhibition of the always lively Sculptors Guild. Daily 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Sun., June 8. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: some good things in a random collection that includes works by Jacob Epstein and O'Connor Barrett among the British and by Mitzi Solomon and Leona Curtis among the Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 6. . . . **ARDEN,** 460 Park, at 57: garden sculptures by Paul Manship, Wheeler Williams, and Edward McCartan. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 28.

SZYK—Portraits and caricatures, chiefly of wartime figures, together wth some miniaturistic "illuminations," more or less in the Persian style: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., June 11.

HERE AND THERE—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: water colors and small oils by Gifford Beal. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 7. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: paintings and sculptures by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 27. . . . **KOHN,** 608 5 Ave. at 49: portraits in water color by Joseph L. Grosse. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 19. . . . **A.C.A.,** 52 W. 8: paintings and sculptures by six contemporary Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 14. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: water colors by Barse Miller. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 14.

MUSIC

OPERA—The National Negro Grand Opera Company presenting "Aida," Sat. and Sun. Eves., June 7-8, at 8:30. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sat. Aft., June 14, at 2:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. Aft., June 6, at 1:45 (doubleheader); Giants vs. St. Louis, Sat. Aft., June 7, at 2:30, Sun. Aft., June 8, at 2 (doubleheader), and Mon. Aft., June 9, at 3; Giants vs. Chicago, Tues. and Thurs. Afts., June 10 and 12, at 3, and Wed. Aft., June 11, at 1:45 (doubleheader). . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thurs. Eve., June 5, at 8:30; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sat. and Sun. Afts., June 7-8, at 2:30, and Mon. Aft., June 9, at 3; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Tues. Aft., June 10, at 3, and Wed. Eve., June 11, at 8:30.

DOG SHOWS—Greenwich Kennel Club, Port Chester, Sat., June 7, at 10 A.M. . . . North Westchester Kennel Club, Katonah, Sat., June 14, at 10 A.M.

CREW—Yale-Harvard, New London, Sat., June 14: freshmen at 10:30 A.M., junior varsity at 11 A.M., varsity at 7 P.M.

FENCING—National Championships—Foils: women's team, Fri. Eve., June 6, at 7:30, and men's team, Sun. Aft., June 8, at 2, Fencers Club, 320 E. 53; women's individual, Tues. Aft., June 10, at 2, and men's individual, Thurs. Aft., June 12, at 2, Salle Santelli, 24 University Place, at 9th St. . . . Epées: team, Sat. Aft., June 7, at 2, and individual, Wed. Aft., June 11, at 2, Salle Santelli. . . . Sabres: team, Mon. Aft., June 9, at 2, Salle Santelli, and individual, Fri. Aft., June 13, at 2, N.Y.A.C., 180 Central Pk. S.

GOLF—National Open, Colonial Club, Ft. Worth, Texas, Thurs. through Sat., June 5-7. . . . Westchester Amateur, Old Oaks C.C., Purchase, Thurs. through Sat., June 5-7, at 9 A.M. . . . Women's Metropolitan, Quaker Ridge G.C., Mamaroneck, daily through Sat., June 7, at 9 A.M. . . . Annual Foursome Tournament, Sands Point Club, Port Washington, Fri. through Sun., June 6-8, at 9 A.M. . . . Metropolitan Amateur, Montclair G.C., Montclair, Wed. through Sat., June 11-14, at 9:30 A.M. . . . Women's Eastern, Westchester C.C., Rye, Tues. through Thurs., June 10-12, at 9 A.M. . . . U. S. Seniors' Annual, Apawamis Club, Rye, Tues. through Fri., June 10-13, at 9 A.M.

HORSE SHOWS—Tuxedo, Tuxedo Park, Fri. and Sat., June 6-7, at 9 A.M. . . . Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va., Sat., June 7, at 10:30 A.M., and Sun., June 8, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Glen Head, L.I., Sun., June 8, at 9 A.M. . . . Metropolitan Equestrian Club, Boulder Brook Club, Scarsdale, Sat., June 14, at 9 A.M. . . . Upperville Colt and Horse Show, Upperville, Va., Fri. and Sat., June 13-14, at 10:30 A.M.

HUNT RACES—United Hunts Racing Association, Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Sat. Aft., June 14, at 2:15.

POLO—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30. . . . High-goal play at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30. . . . Intercollegiate Championships, Blind Brook Turf and Polo Club, Port Chester, Sat., June 7, Thurs., June 12, and Sat., June 14, at 3:30 P.M.

RACING—Daily at Belmont Park, at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., June 7. The Belmont Stakes, June 7. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on Thurs. and Fri., and between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat.). . . Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 2:15 P.M., starting Mon., June 9. (Special trains will leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:40 P.M. on Sats., and between 12:40 and 1:40 P.M. on other weekdays.)

TENNIS—Sears Cup matches, Longwood Bowl C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., Fri. and Sat., June 6-7. . . . Round Robin Professional Championship, a British War Relief benefit, with Donald Budge, William Tilden, and Fred Perry, among others: West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Fri. through Sun. Afts., June 6-8, at 12:30. . . . Invitation Tournament, Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Sat. and Sun. Morns., June 7-8, at 10:30.

TRACK—N.Y.A.C. Meet, Travers Island, Pelham Manor, Sat., June 7, at 3 P.M.

TRAPSHOOTING—Eastern States Championships, Rem-

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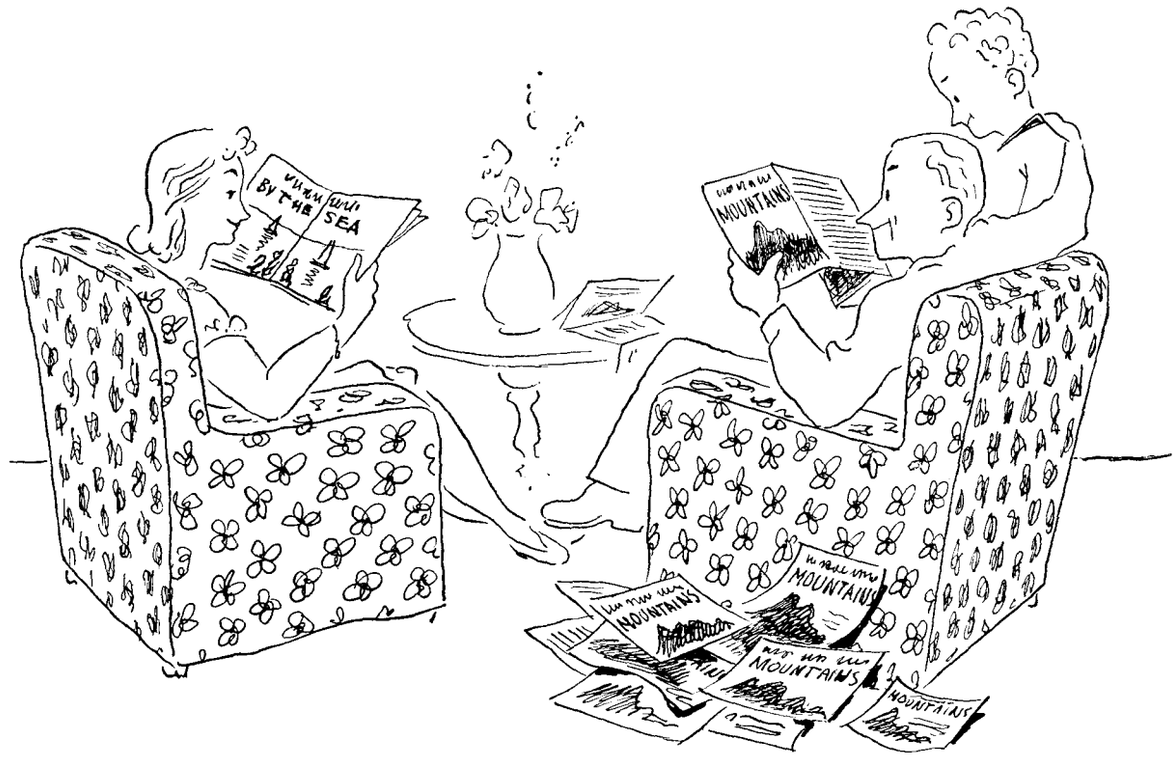

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ington G.C., Lordship, near Stratford, Conn., Sat. and Sun., June 7-8, at 10 A.M.

Trotting—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury; Eves., except Sun., at 8:40, weather permitting; through July 12. (Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M.)

Yachting—Indian Harbor Y.C. annual cruise, Greenwich to New London, Wed. through Fri., June 11-13. . . . American Y.C. race, from Rye to New London, Thurs., June 12. . . . Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Larchmont Y.C., Sat., June 7; Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sat., June 14.

OTHER EVENTS

Barnard Art—The late George Grey Barnard's second collection of Romanesque and Gothic pieces, assembled after the first became a part of the present Cloisters, has been placed on sale and may be seen at the old Cloisters building, 698 Fort Washington Ave., at 190. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through June 28. (Admission fees will be turned over to the Red Cross.)

Greentree Fair—Mrs. Payne Whitney's annual milk-fund benefit on her estate at Manhasset, L.I.: Thurs. Aft., June 12, from 2:30 to 7.

Planetarium—"Color in the Sky" is the topic of the June lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Garden Exhibitions—The estate of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, Lloyd Neck, Huntington, L.I., will be shown as a benefit for Greenwich House: Sat. Aft., June 14, from 1 to 5 P.M. . . . The gardens of the Samuel Untermyer estate, North B'way, Yonkers, will be on view every Tues., Thurs., and Sat. during the summer, from 10 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Early American furniture and hooked rugs, and garden furniture and sculptures, belonging to James L. Hutchinson, Mrs. Marion B. Cothren, and others: Thurs. Aft., June 5, at 2. . . . French furniture, silver, rugs, and porcelains, owned by Mrs. Henry Walters: Fri. Aft., June 6, at 2. . . . Diamonds and other precious jewels, belonging to Mrs. Alice Ward Riano, the estate of the late Mary E. Maclay, and others: Tues. Aft., June 10, at 2. . . . English and French furniture, and paintings, porcelains, and Oriental rugs, collected by Herbert Pulitzer, the late Dr. Eugene Kistler, the late Dr. C. J. Kane, and others: Wed. through Fri. Afts., June 11-13, at 2.

Note—Monte Proser has taken over Madison Square Garden for the summer and turned it into the biggest dance hall ever. Probably worth a visit, if just for a look. Benny Goodman's, Larry Clinton's, and Charlie Barnett's orchestras play, one right after another, nightly from 7 to 3.

MOTION PICTURES

Blackout—A British film, with Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt, which uses the excitement of present-day London life for the innocent entertainment of thrill-lovers. A prize melodrama. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., June 6.)

Citizen Kane—A startling and truly remarkable and original film about an old-school millionaire and his magnificence. Produced and directed by Orson Welles, who also plays the title rôle. (Palace, B'way at 47; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

Fantasia—Walt Disney's wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor, and beauty, and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

The Flame of New Orleans—Dainty comedy, with a sly French side to it, directed by René Clair and presenting Marlene Dietrich as a tricky sketch with a sense of humor. Roland Young and Bruce Cabot are in it, too. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., June 5. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., June 6. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Tues., June 10. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., June 7-10. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Fri., June 13.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin's curious and somewhat wonderful travesty of the European political situation. With Paulette Goddard and Jack Oakie. Certainly unique. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., June 9-10.)

The Lady Eve—Sparkling farcical effects about a millionaire boob and a heartless siren, written and directed by Preston Sturges. With Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., June 7-10. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., June 10-12.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 14. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Love Crazy—Dippy little business, with Myrna Loy and William Powell, about marriage, schizophrenia, and other forms of lunacy. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., June 11.)

Major Barbara—The great and venerable Shaw's ancient comedy of the Salvation Army, presented with proper reserve and elegance. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams are among those involved. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Meet John Doe—Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, and Edward Arnold assembled for a Capra film of the average American citizen and his problems today. A bit highfalutin. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., June 7. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Wed., June 11. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Sun., June 6-8. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., June 8-9.)

Night Train—An utterly satisfactory thriller that can do you lots of good. Made by the British, it's about Europe at the outbreak of the war, with spies galore and tremendous adventure. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., June 11-13.)

Pépé le Moko—"Algiers" stemmed from this French film, which is perhaps closer to Kasbah life than our Hollywood version. The reels are a little faded and worn around the edges. With Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49; through Sun., June 8.)

The Sea Wolf—Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield in a new version of the old Jack London story. Violent and exciting. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., June 11-12.)

That Hamilton Woman!—A big costume piece based vaguely on the legend of Emma and Lord Nelson. With Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Wed., June 11. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Tues., June 6-10. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Thurs., June 12.)

The Wagons Roll at Night—Of circus life and its sinister side. Lively melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart and Sylvia Sidney. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Thurs., June 12.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, in connection with its "Britain at War" exhibition, is running a series of reticent and brief film sketches of life in England now. There are three programs, shown in rotation, one each day. Weekdays at 2 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., June 8. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Tues., June 10.)

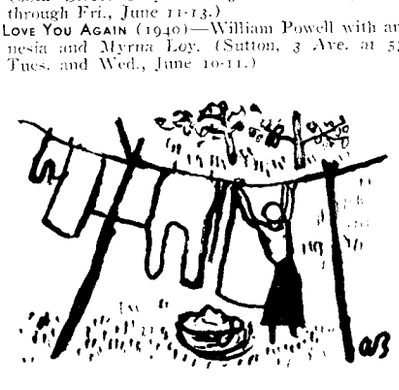
Come and Get It (1936)—Edna Ferber's story of a lumber millionaire. Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer, and Joel McCrea. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., June 8-10.)

The Cowboy and the Lady (1938)—Heiress marries cowhand. A Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper comedy. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 6-7.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Mon., June 9.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., June 11-13.)

I Love You Again (1940)—William Powell with amnesia and Myrna Loy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., June 10-11.)



The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the Revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., June 6-7.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., June 8-9.)

Power (1934)—Life in eighteenth-century Germany. Conrad Veidt. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 5.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., June 12-13.)

Sidewalks of London (1940)—English stage people. Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., June 11-12.)

The Women (1939)—The Clare Boothe play. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., June 6.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., June 6.)

Note—Two ancient curios, "The Sheik" and "The Son of the Sheik," both with Rudolph Valentino, will be shown at the 5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12, through Sun., June 8.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

Boxing—Joe Louis vs. Billy Conn, 15 rounds, for the heavyweight title, Polo Grounds, June 18.

Crew—Intercollegiate Regatta, Poughkeepsie, June 25.

Dog Shows—Long Shore Kennel Club, Westport, June 15. . . . Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, June 28. . . . Southampton Kennel Club, Southampton, July 5. . . . East Hampton Kennel Club, East Hampton, July 6.

Golf—New Jersey Amateur, Baltusrol G.C., Springfield, June 25-28. . . . National P.G.A. Championship, Denver, July 7-13. . . . Long Island Amateur, Inwood C.C., Inwood, July 11-13. . . . Sweetser Victory Tournament, Sleepy Hollow C.C., Scarborough, July 11-12. . . . Long Island Open, Lido C.C., Lido Beach, July 22-24. . . . New York State Amateur, Troy C.C., Troy, July 23-26.

Horse Shows—Bronxville Riding Club, Tuckahoe, June 15. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, June 20-21. . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, June 26-28. . . . Sands Point, June 29. . . . Huntington Crescent, Huntington Bay, L.I., July 5-6. . . . Monmouth County, Rumson, July 17-19. . . . Lakeville, Conn., July 26-27.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Lewisohn Stadium: special concert, Mitropoulos conducting, June 15; regular season, June 19 through Aug. 13. . . . Goldman Band, Central Pk., June 18 through Aug. 17. . . . Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Stockbridge, Mass., starting July 31.

Polo—National Twenty-Goal Championships, Bostwick Field and the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, starting July 28 (tentative).

Racing—Aqueduct, through July 2. . . . Empire City, July 3-26. . . . Saratoga Springs, July 28-Aug. 30. . . . Rockingham Park, Salem, N.H., July 21-Aug. 9. . . . Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif., through July 26 (Gold Cup Stakes, July 19).

Skeet—Great Eastern Championships, Stratford, Conn., June 20-22.

Tennis—Women's New York State Clay Court Championships, Woodmere Club, Woodmere, L.I., June 16-22. . . . National Intercollegiate Championships, Merion C.C., Haverford, Pa., June 23-28. . . . Eastern Clay Court Championships, Jackson Heights T.C., Jackson Heights, June 28-July 6. . . . Men's New York State Clay Court Championships, Seminole Club, Forest Hills, July 5-13. . . . Invitation Tournament, Spring Lake, N.J., July 8-15. . . . Invitation Tournament, Seabright, N.J., July 21-27. . . . Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, July 28-Aug. 2. . . . Women's Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, July 28-Aug. 2.

Trotting—Saratoga Springs, June 26-July 26. . . . Grand Circuit, Historic Track, Goshen, July 28-Aug. 2.

Yacht Races—Eastern Y.C., New London to Marblehead, June 15. . . . Storm Trysail Club, New London to Hampton Roads, June 21. . . . Whalers' Race, New Bedford Y.C., June 21. . . . McMillan Cup finals, Marblehead, Mass., June 24-26 (tentative). . . . Riverside Y.C., Riverside to Stratford Shoals, June 28. . . . N.Y.Y.C. annual regatta, off Glen Cove, July 3. . . . Championships on the Sound: Knickerbocker Y.C., June 21; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., June 28; Larchmont Y.C., July 4 (Race Week, July 19-26); New Rochelle Y.C., July 5; Indian Harbor Y.C., July 12.

Other Dates—Westchester County Bundles for Britain Ball, Westchester C.C., Rye, June 27. . . . Glider Meet, Elmira, N.Y., June 28-July 13. . . . Quarterly federal and state income-tax payments are due June 15. . . . July 4th falls on a Friday.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF we hadn't looked it up, we wouldn't have believed that practically two years elapsed between the torpedoing of the Lusitania and President Wilson's announcement of a state of war, or even that there were three full months between the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the Battle of Bull Run. Periods of undeclared war tend to shrink or even vanish in retrospect; the date when conflict first became inevitable and the date when it finally became actual soon follow one another without an appreciable interval in the mind. Perhaps some miracle, nowhere visible at the moment, can keep this nation at peace, but if things work out the way we think they will, the brief armed truce that marked the spring and summer of 1941 will shortly be forgotten. It won't be long before people will be recalling that the President made a speech proclaiming a national emergency and later on that very week the guns began to roar.

CAUGHT by the growing shortage of aluminum, which is used to form the core of its records, the National Broadcasting Company has announced that it will make twenty per cent fewer recordings of the public speeches that go out over its stations. We think this would be a good idea even if the streets were paved with aluminum. As a matter of fact, we doubt the wisdom of keeping a permanent record of over one per cent of the things anybody is going to say about anything for the next ten years. The words, so rich with promise or choked with emotion, may seem warm and full of meaning as they emerge from the larynx, but they are going to sound very peculiar by the time 1960 rolls around. The pictures they will paint may in time seem as archaic as Giotto. Offhand, we can't think of anything that will be said for a long while that will be as expressive, in any tense, as a bomber.

THE great paradox about this age of perfect communication, of course, is that nobody knows anything about what's going on. We ourself read six newspapers every day, listen interminably to the radio, and spend a good

deal of our time talking to industrious prophets who have just flown in from the warring cities and the capitals and the battle fronts. Our guess is that we know rather less about the state of the world than an ancestor of ours who lived in Connecticut and depended for his information on old copies of *The Federalist* delivered occasionally by a man on a horse. He got his news late and in fragments, but in the end the picture in his mind was probably clear and sensible; we hear about everything the minute it happens, in staggering detail, and, generally speaking, it just adds up to balderdash.

This is not only because the stage these days is too big for any man to comprehend, or because an event described by ninety-five eyewitnesses is apt to be less satisfactory than the same thing reported on by one, or even because the current government spokesmen are sometimes apt to be rather coy about their facts. It is caused mostly by our own frantic state of continual reception. We are too busy listening to hear anything in particular, too overwhelmed by the parts to see any outline of the whole. History, to be understood at all, should be absorbed a very little at a time, in solitude, and always a step or two behind the actual march of events.

If we had the organization of this magazine to do over again, we would employ an elderly hermit to lie on a couch in a small, quiet room, perhaps eating an apple. He would read exactly one copy of the *Times* every month and then, whenever our editorial way grew dark, we'd drop in for a minute and ask him what the hell was really up.

THE sinking of the Bismarck has suggested to a good many military experts that warships may be obsolete and even that the airplane will presently outmode *all* surface weapons. This theory, we think, can be carried still further—out, in fact, to its final and logical conclusion. In air warfare, we often read, altitude is the thing. The aviator who can get on top of his adversary and stay there, shooting down, is almost sure to win. Planes are designed now to fight in the cold, thin climate of the stratosphere, and every day the ceiling gets a little higher. In this, dimly, we see a prophecy of the last great battle the world will ever know. Up and up will climb the tiny machines, through the stratosphere and

up at last to that place where the pull of the spinning planet diminishes and then suddenly lets go. One by one they will come to the end of gravity, and one by one they will whistle off into the everlasting twilight of nowhere, like comets. It is a terrible and majestic thought, this final vanishing of all our armies into the space between the stars—terrible, but not unpleasant on the whole.

OUR espionage agent up at Columbia, a man who walks now in fear of his life, has sent us his belated report on why no novel was chosen for the Pulitzer Prize. It is in the form of a memorandum addressed by President

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"Randall is just becoming girl-conscious."

• •

Nicholas Murray Butler to the members of the jury, and it reads, "The trustees of Columbia University would never, under any circumstances, approve the awarding of the prize for Novel to so obscene, vulgar, and revolting a book as Ernest Hemingway's 'For Whom the Bell Tolls.'" The jury, our spy adds, agreed that it would be absurd to award the prize to anything else and futile to attempt to persuade Dr. Butler and his trustees to accept the Hemingway book. They just sighed and went home. This, of course, doesn't clear up any mystery, since it is about what everybody suspected all along. We just thought you might be interested in the actual documents in the case.

Sidelight

THE young nephew of a friend of ours, in school in Connecticut, has become something of a power in junior journalism, and recently he interviewed an actor who came to a nearby town in a tryout. We were privileged to see his completed article as it appeared in print and found that, like so many interviews with actors, even by adult writers, it lacked a certain something necessary to first-class reading material. From our standpoint, the high spot of the interview wasn't, in fact, about the actor at all, but a side observation of the young journalist. "Glancing around the room," he had written, "I noticed a copy of 'Placed in This Hotel,' by the Gideons."

Champ

IT may surprise you to learn that champion typists, like champion athletes and whippets, go through a rigorous training period before defending their titles. We can swear to the rigor, for last week we visited the training camp of the World's Champion woman typist, Miss Stella Willins, titleholder since 1937, when she typed an average of 128 words per minute for one hour with an accuracy rating of 99.99. Miss Willins will defend her title in Chicago on June 20th, and since we talked with her has gone out there to train with the World's Grand Champion, Albert Tangora. We found Miss Willins under a green eyeshade in an isolated corner of the Royal Typewriter Company's offices at 2 Park Avenue, cruising along at 140 words per minute. She finished typing `for the piano has come to be but a pet pastime for this former neighbor,` which took but a trice, and told us that she has been training seven hours a day since the last week of March, coming in each morning from her home in Brooklyn and first off limbering up with exercises like `veldt weasels whizzes xebecs xysters zigzags zany.` During the day she progresses to typing pages of unfamiliar copy from booklets supplied by the Royal people, for whom she has worked since 1937 and whose machine she uses exclusively, just as Rachmaninoff always plays on a Steinway. Between exercises, Miss Willins refreshes her vision with eyedrops, massages her fingers with a solution of alcohol, wintergreen, and witch hazel, and drinks a glass of milk. "I avoid acidity and maintain a bland diet," she told us.

Miss Willins took up the typewriter when she was thirteen and a student at Bay Ridge High School in Brooklyn. Earlier piano training had given her a certain manual dexterity. She abandoned the piano when she showed signs of virtuosity on a typewriter, however. "In piano, you spread the fingers," she said. "In typing, you don't." Nine months of each year Miss Willins tours the country for Royal, appearing on the platforms of Rotary Clubs and secretarial schools to demonstrate the correct method of returning a carriage, shifting a sheet, and other esoterica of typing. As a sample demonstration, Miss Willins put a piece of paper into her machine, typed to the end of a line, and suddenly, pantherlike, flicked the shift bar with two fingers of her left hand. The carriage went flying across, and Miss Willins explained that by putting muscle behind her finger thrusts she manages to get her left hand back on the keyboard before the carriage has finished moving. "I

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don't lose an eighth of a second," she said.

Part of Miss Willins' training consists of typing from unfamiliar copy and conversing at the same time, a stunt that she feels improves her powers of concentration, even though during competition there is no talking whatsoever. "Talk to me," said Miss Willins, beginning to type, and we popped a few queries about her rate of speed. "During competition I hit eleven and a half strokes per second for an hour," she said, typing eight miles a minute, "but during practice I make twenty strokes a second easily. I lose two words every time I shift sheets, and I never take my eyes off the word I'm typing. If I look ahead, I'm sunk. The strain is terrific, but during a contest I always suck a peppermint and wear a loose sports dress, like a lady golfer." We expressed ourself as satisfied that Miss Willins can talk and type at the same time, so she stopped both and tallied her score. "A hundred and forty words a minute," she announced, "and not a mistake on the page."

Handy

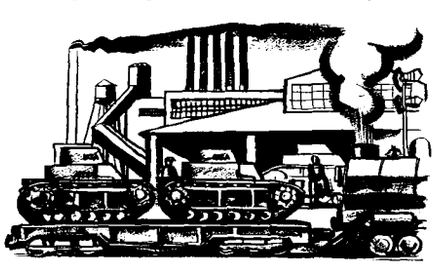
A DINER in the Longchamps at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, which is a biggish Longchamps, suddenly remembered that he had to make a telephone call and asked his waiter where the telephone booth was. "Well, there's one back there, near the ladies' room," the waiter said, "but the nearest one is next door, in the drugstore."

Treasure of the Deep

FOR a good many years, man and boy, we've had a romantic interest in ambergris and when we read in the paper the other morning that Captain Habel of the steamer Siboney had arrived in port with what he thought was three tons of it we decided to take the day off and headed for Jersey City, where the Siboney had docked. Thus we got right to the centre of things. We went to the master's cabin of the Siboney and found Captain Habel alone, which seemed odd for a man who was counting his wealth in the millions, maybe. We instantly became aware, however, that there was good reason for this. The Captain was walking up and down the cabin in his undershirt in a state of mind we have never associated with men of the sea. "Know ambergris when you smell it?" he demanded of us, and then whipped out a hand and stuck a small, whitish blob right under our nose. He needn't have done this. We had smelled it from the door, unmistakably. It was terrible. "I've got thirteen barrels of the stuff on the pier and a big hunk in the bathtub," the Captain said. He offered to show us the piece in the bathtub but we declined and hurried off the ship, and the pier too. We paused only long enough to learn that a sample was being analyzed at the laboratories of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, which the Captain had found conveniently near the pier. We got this information from a steamship-company official who seemed indisposed. "I've smelled a lot of things in my time," he said darkly, "but never anything like this."

We went to the laboratory and found two Colgate chemists, Maurice Meunier and John Kiehl, in the very act of drawing up a report. The last sentence read, "We have made the usual tests of this Siboney sample, and find that it in no way answers the description of ambergris." Kiehl told us that the substance had been put to two standard tests. First, a hot wire had been plunged into it to see if it became blackish and resinous; second, they had put it in alcohol and warmed it to see if it would dissolve. Both tests negative. The Messrs. Meunier and Kiehl were not including in their formal report a speculation as to what the substance was, but they told us unofficially that in their opinion Captain Habel had been hoarding a hunk of extremely dead whale.

We learned that Colgate's, like many such places, receives vast quantities of miscellaneous matter from people who believe they've found ambergris. Meunier and Kiehl said that within the last year they have received pieces of soap, cheese, blue mud, waterlogged wood, bits of picnic lunch, and decayed fish. Kiehl told us of a waterfront lounger who jumped joyfully into the Hudson fully clothed and came out with an automobile tire which he thought was ambergris. Last summer, a lady sent them a sample for analysis and two days later, dissatisfied with the time they'd taken to respond, demanded immediate payment or the return of her ambergris. The boys returned the sample with a covering letter explaining that what the lady had sent in was a piece of Roquefort cheese, which they were happy to return.



The chemical function of ambergris —a morbid secretion found in sperm whales—in face powders, toilet waters, and perfume is that of a fixative. It gives body and staying power to whatever scent is used. It is employed in combination with other animal extracts, such as civet, musk, and castoreum. The last-named comes from beavers. Perfumers pay from $10 to $30 an ounce for ambergris, depending on the quality. There is black, white, and gray ambergris, the gray being the finest quality. Generally speaking, the harder ambergris is, the more valuable it is, and gray ambergris is often as hard as rock. It is usually found floating about in chunks of seventy-five pounds or less, or turns up, upon autopsy, inside the bodies of dead whales. Whalers are the only people who find enough of it to be a commercial source of supply, and the fact that there's less whaling being done today has sent up the price of ambergris. Nobody ever found three tons of it in a chunk, as Captain Habel hoped he had. For your information, genuine ambergris has a musty, animal smell, pungent but not unpleasant. Remember, if it smells bad, it's not ambergris.

Irony

THE Fuller Brush Company issues a manual for the instruction and advice of its office employees, and in it is included this delicately distracting paragraph:

> Employees are not permitted to receive personal visitors during office hours except in cases of emergency. This rule is maintained as much for your protection as for the Company's. It prevents your being annoyed by hordes of salesmen who would like to be admitted under the guise of personal visits for the purpose of selling magazines, insurance, or merchandise.

Mr. Tompkins' Sitter

WE had a talk with Somerset Maugham last week in the studio of Laurence Tompkins, where he was sitting for a portrait bust of himself by Mr. Tompkins. It was his twelfth and final sitting for this particular project. In the past, he told us, he has sat for at least ten portraits in oil and twenty or thirty drawings, but for only one other bust, by Jo Davidson. Marie Laurencin once made him pose in a dressing gown, talked to him about herself for four days, and turned out a painting which, he says, made him look like a twenty-three-year-old boy with rosebud

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lips. This is one of the few portraits of himself Maugham ever bought. It was, and may still be, in his Riviera house, from which he fled last year. He got a sinister cable from his agent there a month ago saying there were guests in the house.

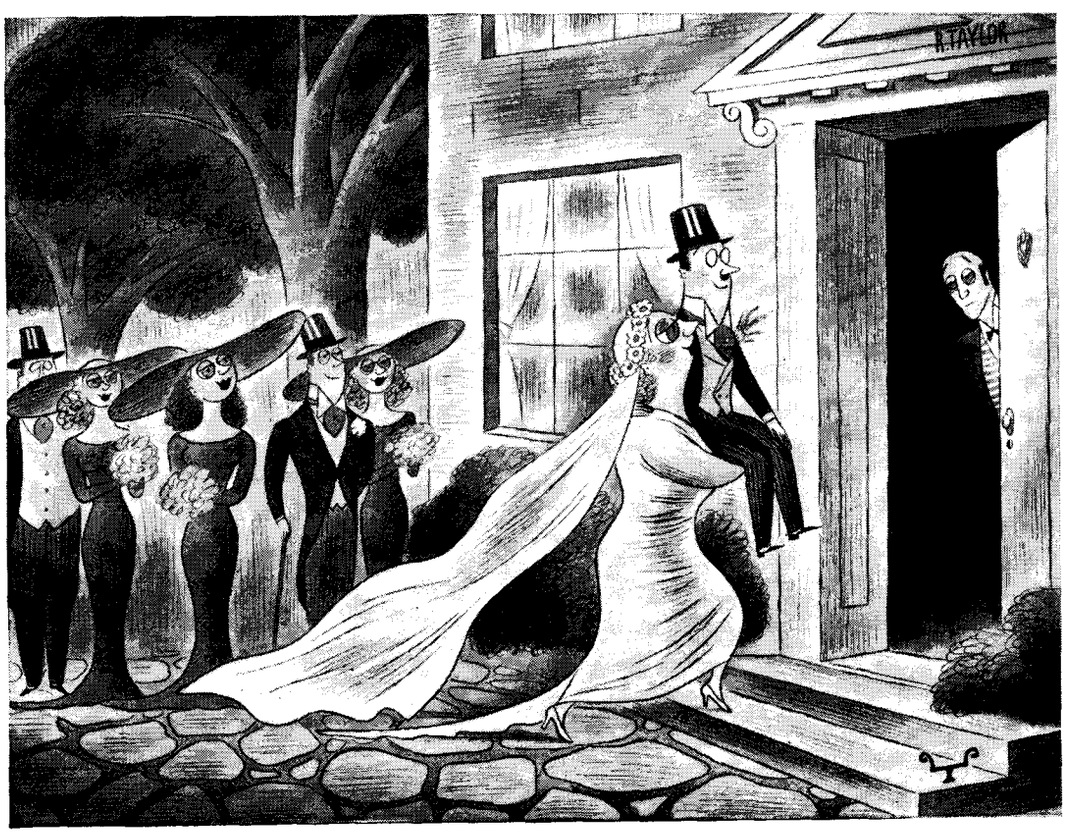
We arrived at Mr. Tompkins' studio five minutes ahead of Mr. Maugham and were thus in a position to watch him discard his coat, tie, suspenders, and gold watch and chain, sit on a chair on a platform, cross his legs, and light a cigarette. He wore striped gray trousers, gray ribbed wool socks, and a monocle on a cord around his neck. "For looking at restaurant menus and theatre programs," he explained. "I can see a pretty woman with the naked eye." He advised us he had spent the weekend in Oyster Bay at the home of his publisher, Nelson Doubleday, and had won back his previous weekend losses at bridge; that the British government allows him to keep a modest weekly sum out of his earnings, the rest going into Spitfires; and that he was leaving the next day for California, where he would write a serial for *Redbook* about England in wartime. He has taken a small house out there and will have with him his daughter and her two children, a girl of three and an infant boy. His son-in-law, a son of a former Swiss Minister to Great Britain, became a naturalized Englishman and is now with the tanks.

Mr. Maugham's mustache is turning gray, a development tending to defeat his purpose in growing it, many years ago, since his idea was that it would repeat, aesthetically, the darkness of his eyes, which are brown and penetrating. "I also thought it would help my jutting-out jaw, which is extremely ugly," he said. "I'm what they call prognathous, like the Neanderthal man." "Nonsense," said Mr. Tompkins, busy on the bust. Mrs. Nelson Doubleday came into the studio at this juncture to say goodbye to Mr. Maugham, whom she called Willie. Mr. Tompkins left the bust to make some dry Martinis and Mr. Maugham walked around it approvingly. "I like dining in small parties," he observed. "Four is a wonderful number, six is all right, and eight will do. After that, it's not a party; it's a rabble." He stayed in two rooms at the Ritz while here. He generally breakfasted at eight, read the paper, smoked a pipe, wrote—with a fountain pen on lined paper with a glossy finish—until lunch, took a nap, spent the rest of the afternoon seeing friends or writing letters, and then either dined alone in his rooms or went out with friends. He smokes Granger's tobacco, ten cents a package, which is not sold at the Ritz.

Maugham started in the last war as an ambulance-driver and was shifted to Intelligence. He was sent to Russia to prevent the Bolshevik revolution and keep Russia in the war. He not only failed at this assignment but contracted tuberculosis. He ended up in the war in a sanitarium in Scotland. There he and other patients used to play open-air bridge in gloves and greatcoats. One day Maugham's partner bid seven no trump, was doubled, redoubled, and made it. He rose to his feet, said "I've never done that before," and dropped dead. "A triumphant death," says Mr. Maugham, who recovered and continued an active life, though he quit dancing ten years ago when a girl he was twirling about at Nice said "Are you sure this isn't tiring you too much?" and tennis shortly after that when he heard a spectator say of him, "He plays damned well for his age."

Identification

EVERYBODY working in navy shipyards must carry photographic passes now, so when Captain X, U.S.N., retired, was recalled for active duty on the construction program recently, he appeared at the place of business of the Navy photographers, who took his picture in mufti and asked him to return next day. It developed that the Navy lads produce something on the order of the commercial passport photos, but apparently not up to that standard. At any rate, a clerical attaché pawed through a tray of photographs and couldn't identify that of the Captain. Neither could the Captain himself, or a couple of much lesser sailors on duty in the office. They were all at an impasse when a young lady employed by the Navy happened along and heard what the trouble was. She got the right picture in no time. "It's this one," she said brightly. "See? You can tell by the stripes in the necktie."



End of the Road

EVER the sentimentalist, we left a Connecticut terrace last Saturday afternoon, came into town, and at 8:40 P.M. were in a position to watch Jeeter Lester lie back for the last time on his Georgian veranda at the Forrest Theatre, the occasion being the 3,180th and final performance of "Tobacco Road," which opened seven

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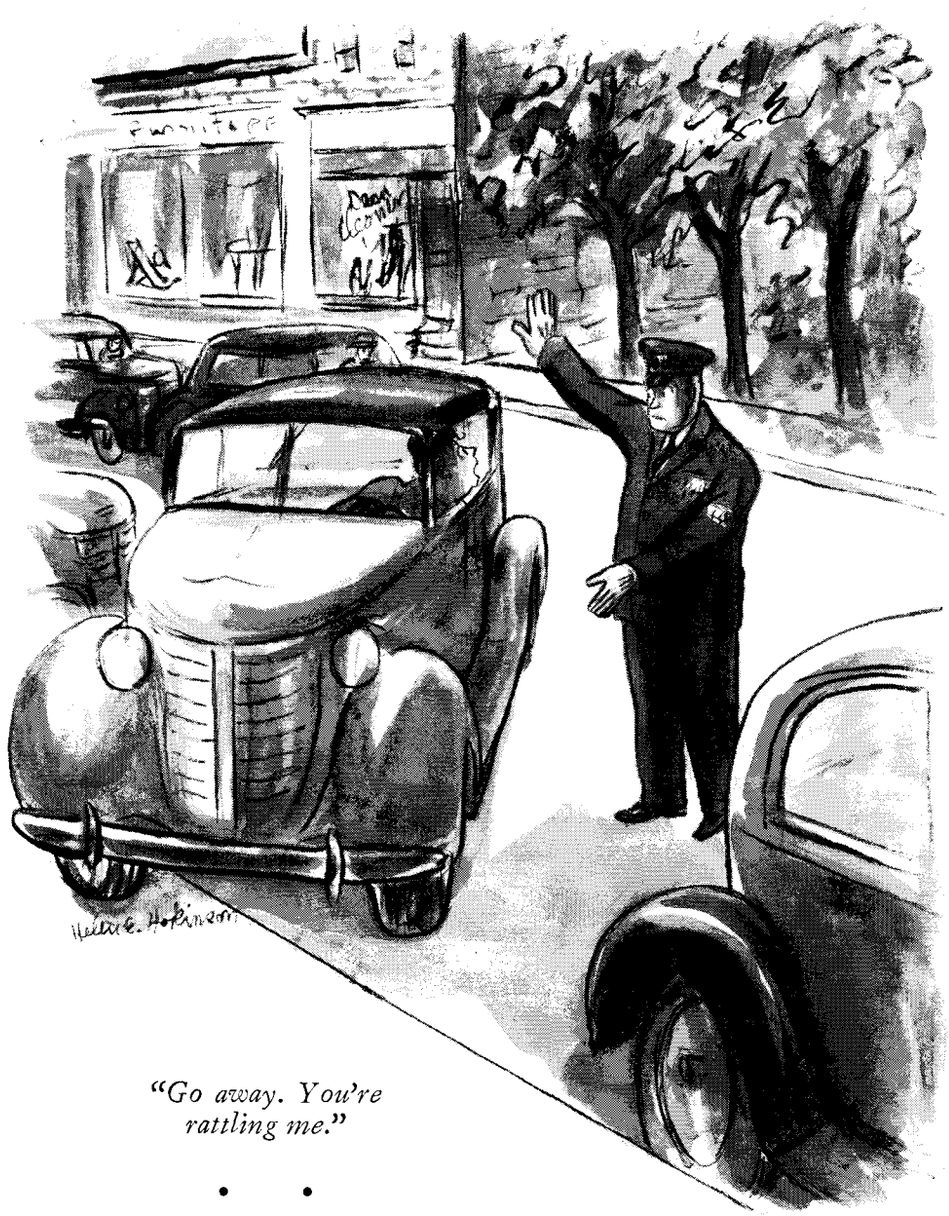
and a half years ago. We had an aisle seat next to a young man who wore a blue cheviot suit, tan moccasins, yellow-and-black striped four-in-hand tie, white shirt, and white semi-soft collar. With him was a young lady in black crêpe de Chine, veiled hat on head and gum in mouth. The house was full. We noted a man in shirtsleeves in the third row; otherwise the crowd seemed to be much the same bunch we observed three weeks ago at "The Man Who Came to Dinner," to which we took some out-of-town friends. "I wonder how many acts there are," the young man next to us said to his companion nonchalantly before the curtain went up. "Three, I believe," she replied, looking into her program.

The audience was responsive from the first obscenity on. We watched the last act from backstage, standing in the wings next to a machine used for making noises like a motorcar. Dude was sitting on a bench in the wings, waiting to run over his mother, Ada, and kill her. Beside him sat Grandma Lester, who was supposed to be burning to death down in the lower meadow. Ellie May, having been offended by Jeeter's remarks about her harelip, came screaming off, sat down, and added her signature to some souvenir programs the cast was autographing. Sister Bessie was seeing to her makeup at a mirror next to the stage manager's desk. "You got a little dirt off Dude on your cheek," the stage manager told her, and wiped it for her with some Kleenex. Then Ada came off and was run over right before our eyes. She screamed so loud that she got to sneezing and coughing, and the stage manager calmly handed her some Kleenex. She blew her nose, took a few deep breaths, staggered back onstage, and lay down in the yard to die. "I'm hoping this farewell party doesn't last very late after the show," Grandma Lester remarked to Dude. "I live all the way out at the end of Flatbush Avenue, you know." We heard Ada, on the stage, gasp out her last line, "Put her arms around me so I can sit up." Then Pearl came running off, hollering "Goodbye, Ma!" Dude went on and said, "Looks like she's daid," referring to Ma.

As the curtain came down, we hurried around to the marquee in order to overhear any pertinent remarks that might be dropped by the playgoers. "Hell, we could get one of those low modern bookcases for that corner," a man said to a lady he was with. "Alice was just a little baby then," a lady said to another lady, "and I used to put her in her carriage under the trees, but these leaves were falling, with arsenic or something all over them, and Alice kept eating them and getting cramps." Before we were able to overhear anything else, the play's press agent introduced us to Jack Kirkland, who had adapted "Tobacco Road" from a novel by Erskine Caldwell, and Mr. Kirkland invited us to the farewell party for the cast, which was being held in a hotel next door to the theatre. There we met Will Geer, the last of the Jeeters, who had been on the stage all the time we were backstage. "Have you read O'Neill's 'Desire under the Elms' lately?" he asked us. We said we had not. "Read it!" he said. "It's a wonderful play. I'm thinking of reviving it." We hung around for a while and met some of the other members of the cast, including Pearl, looking very pretty. She said she was writing a play. Mr. Kirkland was holding a turnip in his left hand and a man from *PM* was taking a photograph of him when we stopped to say goodnight. Caldwell, we afterward learned, is in China and nobody connected with "Tobacco Road" has heard from him for months.



"Go away. You're rattling me."

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Ally

ON the evening of the America First Committee's big rally at Madison Square Garden, an eager America First lady entertained a group of similarly inclined friends at dinner. Naturally enough, they were full of their great cause, and talked about it right through dinner and in the taxi that took them to the Garden. Apparently, the cabdriver had been listening to them, because when they were getting out he beamed at them and said, "I'm America First, too. I'm Italian. Hooray for Italy!"

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"Boy, is she dumb!"

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EXERCISE THE THINK-TANK, BOYS

MISS CANSOR sat stiffly in her chair, pencil poised, waiting for the next sentence. A metallic voice came from the drawer of the huge imitation-mahogany desk in front of which Mr. Jerome Budd sat. "The boys are here," the voice announced. Mr. Budd pressed a button on the side of the desk, the door clicked violently for several seconds, and two men entered.

Ben Hope, the shorter of the two, wore a brown sports coat and gray slacks, and had a brown-and-green silk handkerchief intricately looped around his neck. His companion, Larry Sheppard, wore a hand-stitched tan gabardine suit with heavily padded shoulders.

"Come in. Come in, boys," urged Mr. Budd, waving them to chairs. He nodded to his secretary. "O.K., Miss Cansor. That will be all."

The secretary closed her book, gathered her pencils, her handkerchief, her bag, and some papers, and headed for the door. "Oh, just one more thing," Mr. Budd said. "If there are any calls, just say I can't be disturbed. Don't say I'm in a story conference, because I'm sick and tired of that old bromidic cliché. That's all." He picked up one of the yellow-covered manuscripts on his desk and spun around to face the writers. "And now, boys, I'm completely at your disposal."

Ben Hope gestured vaguely toward the manuscript in the producer's hands. "Well, Jerry?" he said.

"Well, boys," Mr. Budd said, "I closely perused the story treatment you made, and I want to commence by saying that it sincerely enthused me very much the way you boys carried out the basic theme of the original story. But I'm inclined to believe you muffed the handling of a couple of the major characters."

"Hoddeya mean, Jerry, muffed the handling?" asked Hope.

"I'll clarify myself by saying you didn't definitize the characters to their fullest extent. You got them emerging without any shape, size, or form. You take this character, this what's-his-name." He riffled the pages of the manuscript. "You know, the heavy."

"Randall," said Hope.

"Yeah, Randall. Well, personally speaking, I'm not very conversant with him. Sure, I know he's the heavy—shady, crooked, underhanded, indulging in all kinds of scrupuless methods, and so forth. But that's all I know about him."

"Frankly, Jerry," said Sheppard, "isn't that enough?"

"Frankly, Larry, it isn't enough. No, sir. I expected you boys to expound somewhat on precisely the type heavy he is. Is he a brawn heavy—all muscles, mean, tough—or is he a brain heavy—smart, sleek, suave, with nicely tailored clothes. What?"

"Well—" Hope began.

"Just a minute, Ben," Mr. Budd said. "There's just one further point I'd like to expound on, if I may. That's the lack of subtlety in the handling of the theme. Why make a situation obvious like the nose on a person's face? Exercise the think-tank, boys. Get over your characters' thoughts indirectly. Be subtle. You follow?

"Here, let me give you a highly concrete example," he went on. "You take today's defence program—you know, what's occurring in this very country, the U.S.A., today. I'm all for it one hundred per cent. Personally, I believe in the draft even though I know some people exist—" Mr. Budd sighed and shook his head. "My God, mention drafting our boys for a year and they promptly develop apoplexy right on the spot.

"But I say, what is a year in a whole lifetime? Why, to me it's like a long, extended vacation where a lot of congenial fellows get together, live out in the open in tents, get plenty of fresh air in their lungs instead of night-club smoke, and do some exercises whereby they get rid of that cumulated fat and flabbiness they've been collecting.

"Believe me, boys, if I had a year of that kind of outdoor training, I'd be able to get rid of this little bay window I got here in front." Mr. Budd looked down, patted his stomach, and frowned. "Believe me, Mrs. B. wouldn't have to keep constantly nagging at me all the time about indulging my sweet tooth as far as starches and desserts are concerned."

HE looked at his wristwatch, muttered "Oh, my God!," fumbled in a desk drawer, and took out a small box from which he took a white pellet. He threw this into his mouth and downed it with a glass of water from the thermos bottle on his desk.

"Another reason, boys, why I'm advocating this defence program so heartily," Mr. Budd continued, "is you take Europe, where the nations have been preparing themselves all these years along the lines of armaments and so forth. What's the result? We've been going ahead in our quiet way, minding our own business, making pictures, sending the kids to progressive schools, and so forth, so that today we are in the position whereby we got to accelerate matters, because if the worse comes to the worse, we are caught flat-footed and unprepared."

Hope put a cigar in his mouth and began to chew on it. Mr. Budd felt a challenge in the gesture. "I guess, Ben, you are nonplussed what all this has to do with the subject of subtlety," he said.

"Oh, no, Jerry," Hope said. "I'm merely trying to grope for your point, that's all."

"Don't grope, Ben," said Mr. Budd. "I'll tell you my point.

"You boys weren't working on this lot about four-five years ago, when Mrs. B.'s nephew, Normie, became my assistant. That was the time the kid just concluded his college course at the U. of P. Well, Mrs. B. started to nag me about what good is a college education unless a person can get a foothold in life to apply all that knowledge he acquired at the U. of P. So finally I went up to D. L.'s office and I used all my persuasive powers at my command, and the climax was D. L. consented Normie should be my assistant.

"So I had the boy sit in on all my story conferences. A sad mistake, I regret to say. Whenever a writer would open his mouth to express some constructive thought or other, Normie's comment was always 'It stinks!' He was constantly tearing down, never building up. A definitely obstructive type, but definitely! In fact, matters became so intolerant that I had to have *sneak* conferences, with Normie's presence eliminated.

"Then Normie stopped showing up at the office altogether. He was chronically visiting some set and was always huddled up in a corner conversing with some extra or other.

"One fine day things culminated in a very unfortunate incident whereby one of our starlets got into trouble. Luckily for me she was already married, so I suddenly didn't develop a new niece-in-law. But what the mess cost me would have kept Mrs. B. in mink coats for the rest of her life. And, boys, did D. L. bake

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me over the coals, but good and proper!

"I finally had a long talk with Mrs. B. and I told her that for the good of the industry it was my firm conclusion Normie should go back to college to acquire some more education. But Mrs. B. carried on how temptation is part of any normal individual's makeup and it was unfair to wreck a kid's career, especially when he hadn't even got started. I decided not to pursue the matter any further. Normie could remain at the house, but I expressly gave him strict instructions to keep away from the studio or I'd send him back East so fast his head would spin like a revolving door.

"So things were more or less dormant till Mrs. B. kept after me how ironical the situation where a fellow has a sheepskin and a college degree after his name and is in the army of the unemployed, whereby the illiterates with only the bare equivalent of a high-school education are progressing to be top executives. She furthermore impressed me with the fact that so many agents come to me requesting jobs for their clients, it's about time I extracted a favor from one of them.

"Somehow I knew inside of me—call it intuition—it was a mistake to do it, but I communicated with Lester Lane and I said it struck my mind with his large agency there must be room for just one more assistant, especially someone intimately acquainted with the industry. And I further expounded on Normie's virtues and merits, the upshot being he said he'd give Normie a trial.

"The boy did generally all right for himself for a while and was developing a real flair for handling talent when along came one fatal day when Lester got me on the telephone. He was simply hysterical. He told me he had just been banned by Henry Blaumer from the Spearpoint lot because Normie was personally handling a certain client and was giving her individualized service. It so happened the certain client Normie was personally handling was Doreen Drake, Mr. Blaumer's special girl friend —I mean at that particular time.

"It took Lester about three months to finally get reinstated on the Spearpoint lot. And as far as Normie was concerned, I implored Mrs. B. to let me send the kid East before he wound up at some institution for the mentally delinquent. I told her it was imperative the kid should get the hell out of this town before my own personal career in the picture business would emerge a perfect wreck.

"But all Mrs. B. would say was it ill behooved Henry Blaumer to create a fuss about a boy taking his girl friend away when it was an obvious fact that Mr. Blaumer was a married man with four grown children."

"Gee, you want me to say
I eat Krispy Wispies when I don't like Krispy Wispies?"

MR. BUDD got up from his swivel chair and began to pace the room.

"Now, boys," he said, "I don't want you to assume the impression that Mrs. B. nags me all the time. Far from it. She is a very softhearted individual who feels what's the point of giving up four years of your life to a college education if you are going to sit around moping constantly and waiting for opportunity to come around knocking at your door. So she offered the suggestion why not put the boy up in some business whereby he would have certain responsibilities of his own without entailing other people's jobs, and at the same time it would make him feel parallel with being an executive himself. You follow?

"The ideal type establishment for Normie, we decided, would be a nice little music shop with the latest type records and sheet music for the low-priced clientele and with Musicolas—you know, automatic record-changing machines—for the high-priced clientele.

"So some months ago I opened a shop for Normie. I called it Notes to You—kind of comical name, isn't it?—and I set him off the right foot by personally purchasing one of the expensive-model Musicolas.

"Well, boys, two weeks didn't lapse before I discovered Normie had disposed of four Musicolas. Four of them! The only flaw in the ointment was they weren't sold to the high-bracketed clientele. Oh, no! In fact, they weren't even paid for!

"Normie, my god-damn nephew by marriage, was reverting to his old self again. Some cute little blonde thing, coming in to obtain maybe a Bing Crosby record, was given a fast sales talk and persuaded to take a Musicola on consignment without any down payment whatsoever! Normie, in person, came around to demonstrate how the machine functioned. Four machines out at the same time!

"Well, boys, just when I was the owner of about a dozen Musicolas which various girls had in their possession, along came Normie's draft number and he was called for selective service.

"Now, fellows, I want you to com-

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AN EXAMINATION OF THE THEORY THAT ALL PEOPLE, ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW THEM, ARE LOVABLE

I never met a man I didn't like.—*From the collected aphorisms of Will Rogers.*
I'm sure Will never meant that.—*From "Exit Laughing," the autobiography of Irvin S. Cobb.*

Well, Mr. Rogers, did you or didn't you?
You met some motley folks in your time—
Presidents and con men, dips and preachers,
Stuffed shirts, cardsharps, ambassadors,
The flatulent politician, the swindler,
And mountebanks of high and low degree.
And you really liked them all,
And covered them with your all-embracing
Mantle of love and charity?
Your friend Cobb seems to doubt it,
And so do a lot of us.

Where are you, Will, in the space after death?
No matter, for we may assume that you,
With smile and chewing gum and looping rope,
Have free access to all the regions high and low,
To come and go as you please,
To visit the sainted and the damned.
Therefore, old pard, may we ask you this:
How do you like the heels of history
You've come across since you went away from us?

Nero, Caligula, and Claudius are Over There.
Are they, in their fashion, charming?
And can you give us the lowdown on
The hidden graces of Ivan the Terrible?
And how are all the Borgias now?
And what of that great khan, Genghis,
Who built a pyramid of human skulls?
Is he, at heart, a lovable cove?
And how is dear, sweet Charlie Chapin,
The Torquemada of the old *Evening World*,
Who passed his twilight years in Sing Sing?
And how do you find bold Catiline?

Have you, Mr. Rogers, run across
A man named Gaston B. Means, a pudgy crook
Who swindled Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean
Of a cool hundred grand by telling her
He could produce the Lindbergh baby?
No? Well, he's somewhere around you,
And our guess is he'll still bear watching.

And how is King Herod by this time?
Does he seem a playful, cuddly patriarch?
And Pontius Pilate? Does he sit on some cloud or griddle
Still mumbling foolishly, "What is truth?"
How do you find Geronimo of the Apaches,
"Legs" Diamond and Henry the Eighth?
All well, we trust, but do you like them?
How are all the fine old slave traders?
And how is Major Dominick, the German who
Burned the hordes of black boys alive
In trenches sprayed with gasoline
In Southwest Africa, circa 1905?
How is the jolly Major now?
How's Colonel William d'Alton Mann,
Who used to run *Town Topics* and shake down
New York's vulnerable rich men?
Is he O.K.?
And Howe and Hummel, the great shysters,
And the bearded boss, William Marcy Tweed.
How, by the way, is Lizzie Borden?
Judas and Benedict Arnold?
And is Lord Chesterfield really an ass?

Perhaps, Mr. Rogers, you can find in them
Some golden nugget that makes you like them,
But we, who have suffered more than our share
From the didos and caprices of our fellow-men
Around these earthly parts,
Are inclined to lay a bet against it.
We must, perforce, string along with Irvin Cobb.
Say it ain't so, Will.

—STANLEY WALKER

• •

prehend the following. Do you think I told Mrs. B., 'It took an act of Congress to budge that superfluous nephew of yours the hell out of here, thank God'? No, I did not. I merely said the Army was a good place for Normie to show the superiority of a college education over a normal education so that in no time he could be a commissioned officer in the ranks.

"I told Normie we are living in highly critical times these days and it behooved everybody to participate in defence. Personally, I was doing my bit by contributing taxes. I furthermore assured him of a hamper of food each week to be sent to him at camp, plus other necessities which he might feel inclined to need. And just to make sure there was no hitch in the matter, I communicated with his draft board by letter, stating that no one likes to have a relative torn away from the side of the family. Still in all, I stated, there was no sense in any draft deferment on Normie's part, in case they were considering such a matter, inasmuch as I would be only too happy to assume all financial responsibilities involving Normie's personal life.

"Do you follow, boys? Subtlety! I get rid of one of my greatest Hollywood headaches by the simple process of exercising my think-tank. At the same time I am performing a patriotic duty—"

The buzzer sounded and Mr. Budd hurried over to his desk. "Yes?" he shouted into the drawer.

"The barber can see you now," the metallic voice answered.

"O.K., inform him I'll be over immediately."

"Boys," said Mr. Budd to Ben Hope and Larry Sheppard, "think over this little matter of subtlety and try to exercise the think-tank." He beat on his temple with his finger.

"And now," he added, moving toward the door, "if I don't hurry over and have my hair cut, I'll simply have to take violin lessons."

—ARTHUR KOBER

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THURSDAY

"UPRIGHT, girls! Upright, girls!" said Miss Calhoun, looking out at the class over her bifocals. "Small stitches, neat work!" She sewed deftly at her own patch, which she would presently pass around from desk to desk so that they might see what a gentlewoman's handiwork should look like. Her eyes dwelt with approval on her small hands, on her fingernails. Ah, those half-moons, the mark of a dainty hand! No vulgar red polish. No, she could go anywhere, be received anywhere, even though she did have to teach in a grimy, suburban public school. But when one is a lady born . . . Softly she put a hand up and felt of her best lace jabot. She looked over at the clock; twenty-five to twelve.

"My thread's broke," said a voice.

"Leader, pass out thread to Irma," ordered Miss Calhoun. "Keep thread short, girls. Why?"

"Sews better," "Don't get tangled up," "Thread costs money" were some of the answers.

"*Money?*" cried Miss Calhoun. "No, no. What a reason! Who said 'Thread costs money'? Rise, please."

The Italian girl stood up. One of the few good sewers, more's the pity. "Felicia," asked Miss Calhoun, "how much is a spool of thread?"

"Five cents."

"Five cents. Yes, correct. Now, tell me, is five cents such a great amount of money when you consider the number of yards that we have to—"

"Yes, Ma'am."

A few girls laughed. Felicia looked around her defiantly. "For a spool of thread it is," she added. "I have the money for it. I can buy thread, don't you worry. But it's lots to pay. It's the same as a small loaf of bread."

"Still, after all, five cents," Miss Calhoun protested.

Felicia sat down and returned, scowling, to her fine needlework. "She's crazy," she muttered.

"Eulalia, my dear, tell Felicia why we must always use short threads," said Miss Calhoun.

Golden-haired Eulalia rose; as different from the other as day from night, thought Miss Calhoun. "We must always use short threads because short threads make neat work."

"Excellent. And—" prompted Miss Calhoun.

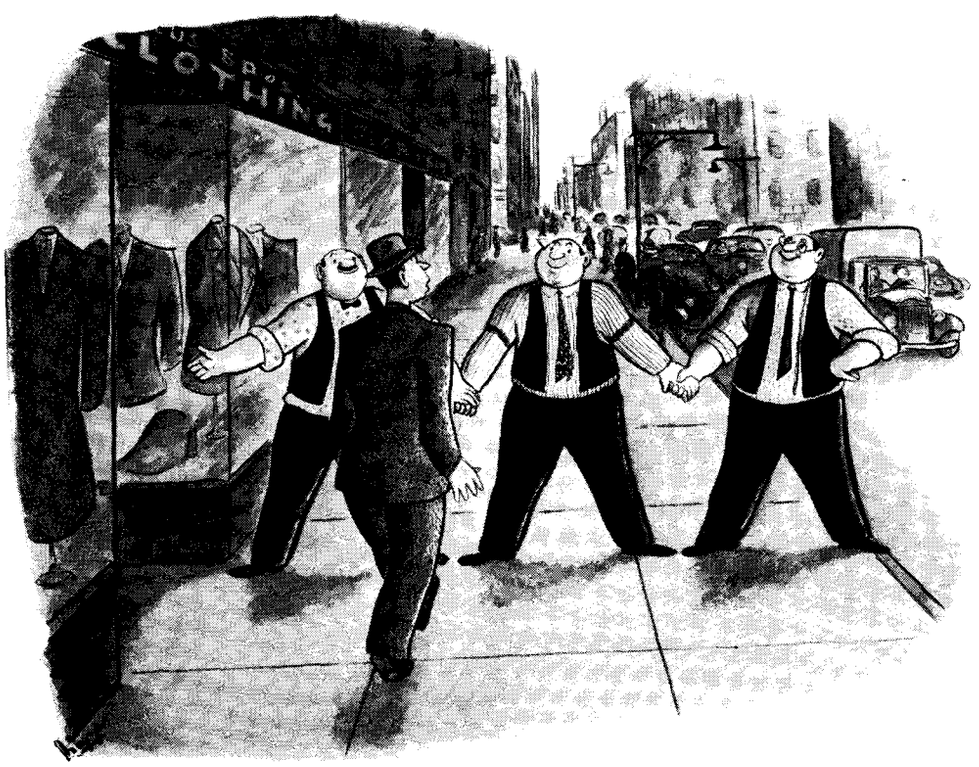
"It don't get tangled up! It don't get tangled up!" somebody called out.

"And—" said Miss Calhoun. "And furthermore—"

"And it don't take so long."

"Correct. Now, Felicia, you will please rise and state the three correct reasons why we always use short threads."

Felicia gave the recitation sullenly. "And it don't waste any," she added under her breath as she sat down. "Thread costs good money."



"Always remember that. Sit upright, girls," said Miss Calhoun happily. She had just taken another glance at the clock. Twenty minutes to twelve. Twenty minutes to twelve on a Thursday! Oh, pinnacle of the week! In spite of herself, her heart thumped with anticipation. Be calm, she told herself, trying to suppress the smile which she felt spreading over her face. Calmness marks the lady, no matter what is in store. "Make haste slowly, girls," she said to the class. "Better a third of a patch well done than— Leader, you may take my patch and pass through the class. Note the stitches, girls. Note the straight edges of my fold." Smiling graciously, she drank in the oh's and ah's of admiration which accompanied the patch's progress. "Strive, strive, strive," she said, "and you may all become good needlewomen. 'If at first you don't succeed—' "

Eulalia raised her hand and stood up. "Miss Calhoun," she said, "last Saturday I put a patch on my little sister's dress."

"You did, my dear? Splendid! And what did Mother say?"

"She said thank you."

"But did Mother say you did it nicely? Was she proud of her little needlewoman?"

"Oh, yes'm."

"Splendid. Bring your patch forward, Eulalia."

Those long, daffodil-yellow curls! Miss Calhoun examined the patch, then rested her eyes on the thin, fair little hands which held it, on the face, small and thin, the blue eyes, the blue hair ribbon, which Eulalia wore tied in a rosette at either side of her head. The child was a picture, a born little lady. Just such a little girl as . . .

"This is excellent, Eulalia, excellent!" Miss Calhoun breathed in for a moment the delicate, babylike aroma of Eulalia's hair. If I were anybody but myself, she thought helplessly, if I weren't so standoffish, so stiff with people, I could reach out, put my arm around this dear little girl, and hug her to me. For a second she hungered to do this. Something in the rounding of Eulalia's cheek, in the droop of her mouth . . . It had been many and many a year since she had felt drawn. No, what nonsense! She sat back stiffly in her chair. "You may pass through the class and show your patch, Eulalia," she said, almost coldly. "Look at Eulalia's small stitches, girls. Look at her nice, square corners."

Eulalia already seemed remote. As

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she bent over each desk her shoulder blades stood out sharply. If she were a child of mine, thought Miss Calhoun severely, I'd see to it that she got enough to eat to round out those sharp corners, so that when she grows to be a lady . . . "First row, rise and bring patches forward," she commanded.

The array of soiled, rumpled cloth, of dirty fingernails, of stitches crude and grotesque began to pass in review before her chair. "Oh, no," she said. "Try to do better, Mary. . . . No. . . . No. . . . Fair. . . . Second row, rise. . . . Third row."

Felicia presented her patch, long since finished and embellished for good measure with a neat little triple featherstitching running like a frame around the cloth's edge. "Very good indeed," Miss Calhoun said, but grudgingly, her eyes centred on those long, dark, yellowish fingers of Felicia's. And was that a look of defiance she saw on the girl's face? "Your expression, Felicia! Your expression is hardly suitable for sewing class," she could not resist saying tartly.

"I don't need to take sewing," Felicia answered. "I been sewing since I was seven years old. I made my own dress for first Holy Communion. I made for all my cousins. I've got three brothers, I make their shirts."

"Indeed," said Miss Calhoun, pushing her on to make way for the others.

But Felicia remained at the other side of the chair and, with Miss Calhoun, cast a patronizing eye on the next girl's patch. "Lousy," she said. "Isn't it lousy?"

Miss Calhoun shuddered. "*Felicia*, your vocabulary!"

"I'm sewing now on my sister's bridal," Felicia continued in her low, hoarse voice. "*He* bought the satin, but I do the making. Next thing I'll have her layette to make. I'm gonna be a dressmaker."

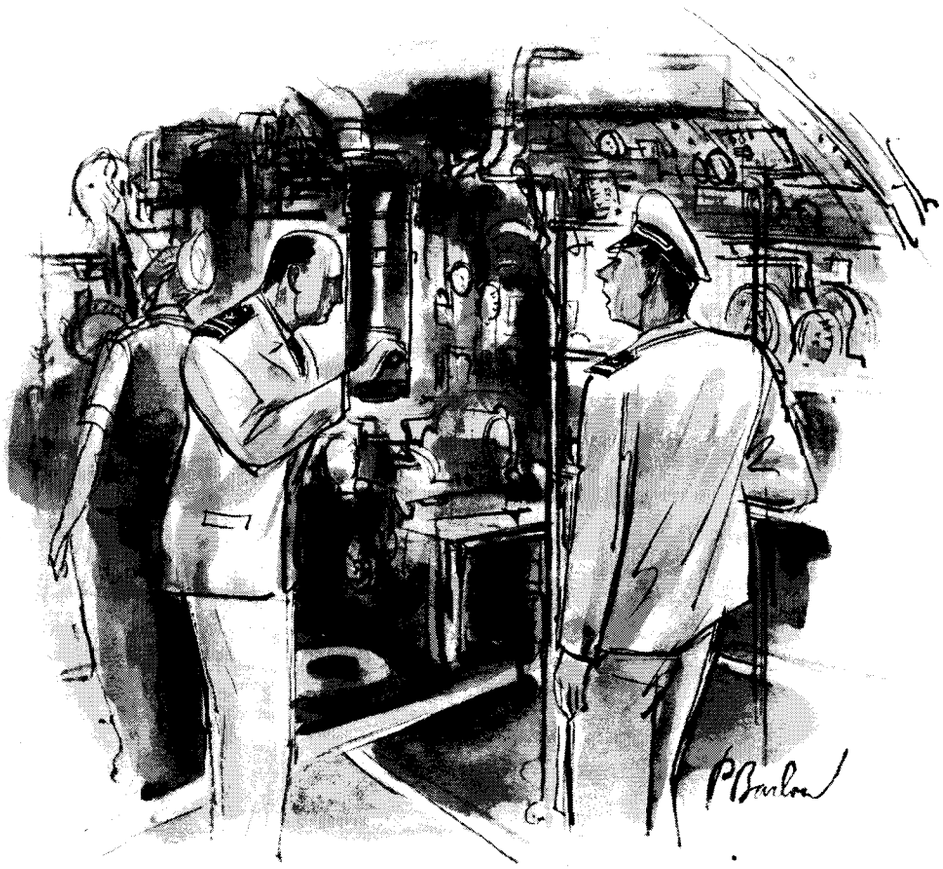
"That's nice," said Miss Calhoun.

"Why don't *you* take up dressmaking?"

"*Dressmaking!*" said Miss Calhoun in horror.

"Sure. You'd make swell money that way, much more than just teaching stitches in a school. Don't you know how to make dresses? Or only these here patches and things?"

"Return to your seat," said Miss Calhoun icily. Of all the impertinence! It was frightening, too, what with the rumor that the new members of the School Board were saying she was too old-fashioned to be teaching and all the talk about putting in a really modern course in home economics.



"Still raining?"

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BUT it was now happily twelve o'clock. "Girls, envelopes out. . . . Place work in envelopes. . . . Tie envelopes," directed Miss Calhoun.

The sun entered and played merrily on the scissors and thimbles, and Miss Calhoun's spirits danced with it. Now that the girls were all back in their seats and the morning session was over, what remained between her and happiness? Two or three minutes in the teachers' room, that's all; a short walk up the hill, a ring at the Turners' doorbell, then splendor beyond compare. (Dear Judge Turner, who never forgot it was Miss Calhoun's father who had given him his start in the law.) She put her own work away in her briefcase, latched it, and got up from her chair. "Oh, girls, this glorious sunshine!" she cried out, bobbing up and down on her tiptoes. "Now remember, next Thursday you are to come to class—how?"

"Hands clean, nails clean!" they chanted.

"Correct. But a little *lady* would never require to be reminded of that. Dismissed, girls."

They gave way at once to laughter and chatter. Miss Calhoun hurried out with her free hand over one ear in protest. "Goodbye, girls!" she called.

"Goodbye, Miss Calhoun," they answered. "Goodbye, Miss Calhoun, you great big baboon," she heard distinctly as she reached the hall, then laughter and "Shh! Shh!"

Her eyes smarted with tears. Really, such things were too much. That people should feel so mean toward her when she was only trying to do her duty by all. She went into the teachers' room and turned on the cold-water faucet. She took off her glasses and, moistening a corner of a towel under the water, she touched it to each eye. Clear eyes, she reflected, are a prime mark of breeding. If I had the Turners' bathroom, she thought, looking into the small, untrue mirror, the Turners' bathroom with its special tap for ice water and its triple cheval glass. She raised her upper lip and looked at her teeth. "Smile," she bade herself, nod-

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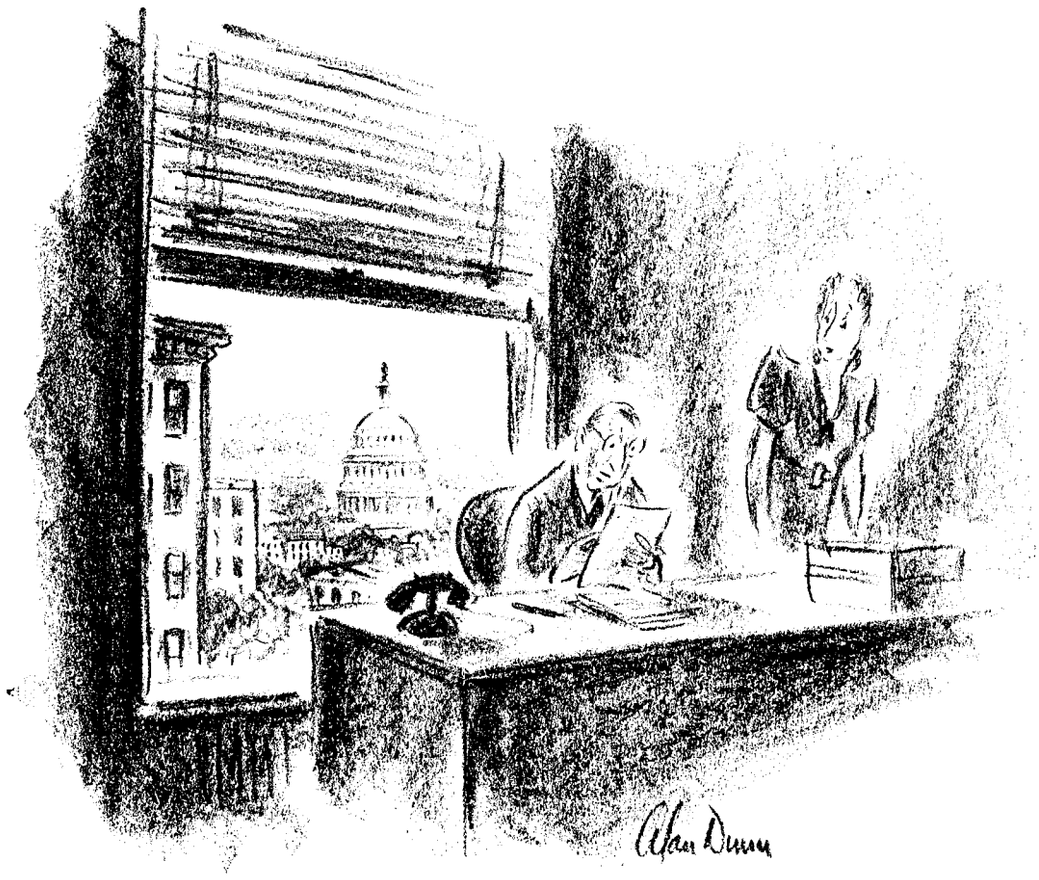

"No, no, Miss Murphy—billion, not million!"

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ding courteously. "'The smile is the window of the soul.'" Every Sunday she made a point of choosing some such little motto out of her charm book, then tried to remember it throughout the week, to make it her own. Last week it had been "Love is Soul speaking to Soul." She looked at her face now in tender pity. "Ah, mateless soul!" she sighed.

The door opened and two teachers came in. "How do, Miss Calhoun," they said.

"How do you do, how do you do!" she cried gaily, smiling. "I'll be out of your way here in just one tiny second. I'm lunching at the Judge Turners', you know, as always on a Thursday. They won't hear no to my running up there for my luncheon hour, and I'm simply filthy, *filthy!* These public schools!" She washed her hands vigorously. In the mirror she saw the two exchange a glance. Now, why was everybody so hostile toward her? Never a friendly word. Never a soul except the Turners to show the least little smidgeon of interest in anything she did. She could have told these two some things about the Turners' mansion that would make their eyes stand out. "Where I'm going a *butler* waits on the table." What would they have said to that? They had sat down at the far end of the room and were opening their lunches, talking loudly. "There you sit, lunching miserably out of paper bags," she could have said, "but where I'm going everything will be of the very best. We'll have sherry first."

But no, why waste good breath on such as these? Miss Calhoun combed and fluffed up her faded, gray-blonde hair in silence and put on her hat and coat. "Well, *au revoir*," she said airily.

"Goodbye, Miss Calhoun."

She shut the door and, listening, heard muffled laughter behind it. Oh dear! But what could one expect? People without breeding, people of the common herd. Those who aim at something high are always looked upon askance by groundlings. She opened the heavy front door and went out into the sunshine. She took out her white kid gloves and worked them on as she mounted the hill. She had to walk slowly because without her glasses she felt confused, but ugly glasses mar the face.

"How do, Miss Calhoun."

She looked around. Why, it was Eulalia. "Well, my dear!" Miss Calhoun exclaimed, forgetting herself and throwing an arm around the little figure. "Miss Calhoun's little consolation," she said, "in a bad, bad class." How many years had it been since she had embraced anyone? And this little soft body . . . They walked *along* arm *in* arm.

"Aw, Eulalia likes Miss Calhoun!" came from behind them. "Aw, Eulalia likes Miss Calhoun!"

"What do they say? Oh, those noisy, rude—" Miss Calhoun stopped and turned around with dignity to face the tormentors. "No little *ladies*—" she began. But the girls, three or four of them, had run, bursting with laughter, into a doorway. "Which girls were they, Eulalia?"

"Don't pay any attention to them," said Eulalia. "They're bad."

A spot of pink stood in each of Miss Calhoun's cheeks. "I don't know what the world is coming to!" she cried, and bit her lips. "I shall most certainly make a full report to the principal."

"They tease me all the time," said Eulalia. "I don't care. I'll carry your briefcase if you want me to. Want me to?"

"My briefcase?" Miss Calhoun looked down at Eulalia in surprise. "Why, no, my dear, it's much too heavy for your little hands. But I thank you for your courtesy and thoughtfulness."

"They always call out like that after me," said Eulalia, snuggling against Miss Calhoun's arm. "'Eulalia likes Miss Calhoun,' they call." She giggled. "I don't care."

"Shocking! I shall speak to the principal immediately I return after lunch."

"Oh, no!" said Eulalia. "No, he hates me, Mr. White does. Don't say anything to him."

"Hates a dear little girl like you?"

"Yes, Ma'am. 'Cause I did something. Do you want to know what I did? I tore a piece of paper from in front of my geography and I wrote on it, 'I, Eulalia V. Browne—'" She caught one of Miss Calhoun's gloved hands. "Oh, I wrote something *awful*," she said, her eyes looking up into Miss Calhoun's.

"A true lady or gentleman," said Miss Calhoun, "never writes anything of which he could be ashamed."

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"No, Ma'am. I wrote, 'I, Eulalia V. Browne, say and declare to all the world that—' Do you want me to tell you what next?"

Miss Calhoun felt a strange twinge of embarrassment. "No, Eulalia," she said coldly, "I believe not. One never pries into another person's private secrets. If it was anything evil, your own little conscience will—let us talk of something else. Shall we talk of sewing? Tell me . . ."

Besides, they were nearing the top of the hill, and the Turners' big house, with its gravel driveway and its six lovely horse-chestnut trees in blossom, had appeared before them. "Just look!" exclaimed Miss Calhoun. "Since last week, all those blossoms! There's where Miss Calhoun is going for luncheon," she said proudly. "My friends, the Judge Turners. See those lovely, lovely flowers. Flowers put beautiful thoughts into our minds."

"I wisht I had you in sewing this afternoon again," said Eulalia, clinging to her hand. "Not just in the old morning. I'd like to take sewing every day of my life if *you* taught it to us. All day long, too. I'd rather take sewing from you than go home and eat my dinner."

"Why, that's splendid, dear! I'm so pleased to hear that."

"Do you want to know what I wrote?" Eulalia pleaded. "I'll tell you it. I don't mind. Mr. White came and told my mother what I wrote and she cried and she told Papa and he laughed, so I didn't get a whipping."

"A *whipping?* Well, I should certainly hope not," said Miss Calhoun, feeling to make sure her hat was just right and looking down the front of her coat to see that it was marred by no particles of thread. She was arriving at just the proper time. Not too soon after twelve—that would look over-eager; just a nice, leisurely arrival. "Well, good morning then, Eulalia," she said briskly as they reached the Turners' gate. "Here's where I must—"

"Listen." Eulalia planted herself recklessly in front of Miss Calhoun, blocking her way. "I wrote, 'I, Eulalia V. Browne, say and declare to all the world that I love Miss Maybelle Calhoun better than anybody else in the world and that means my father and mother, my grandfather and my sister Lily, and my dog Buster,' " Eulalia repeated rapidly. "Now you know what," she ended, looking fearfully up into Miss Calhoun's face. "Are you mad with me?"

"Why—why, Eulalia!" Miss Calhoun was surprised and yet she was not. *She* of all people, Miss Calhoun! She looked down mutely at the lovely, fresh pink cheeks and blue eyes.

"Goodbye till Thursday," said Eulalia, pressing Miss Calhoun's gloved hand intensely to her cheek. "Oh, Miss Calhoun, Thursday's my great day! Oh goodness, I—" She brought the hand down from her cheek and stood regarding it as if with drugged eyes. "I'd do anything you'd say, Miss Calhoun. I'd sit and sew all night if you told me to."

"Well." Miss Calhoun finally drew her hand away, giving an embarrassed little laugh. "It's always very pleasant to learn we are liked—very nice, very gratifying."

"Goodbye," said Eulalia dreamily. "Goodbye, Eulalia."

Miss Calhoun opened the Turners' gate and moved slowly and self-consciously up the walk under the blossoming trees, her heart beating queerly. What an extraordinary occurrence! It was not the sort of happening that one has words ready for. Now, why couldn't she have said, "Oh, it's mutual, it's mutual, my dearest little girl!" But . . . She rang the Turners' bell, then turned uncomfortably to look back at the gate. Yes, the child was still there, looking over the fence, a hand propping up either cheek, several long, bright curls hanging over. Shouldn't I wave, she wondered. Why not throw a kiss to the poor child? Her hand fluttered, hesitated. But no, she could not. Besides, how would it look? So undignified, so disorderly. The butler opened the door. Oh well, alas.

But really she felt quite limp as she entered the sumptuous reception hall. She felt not at all in a suitable mood for the great pleasure of the day. Why was *everything* always spoiled for her?

—Dorothy McCleary

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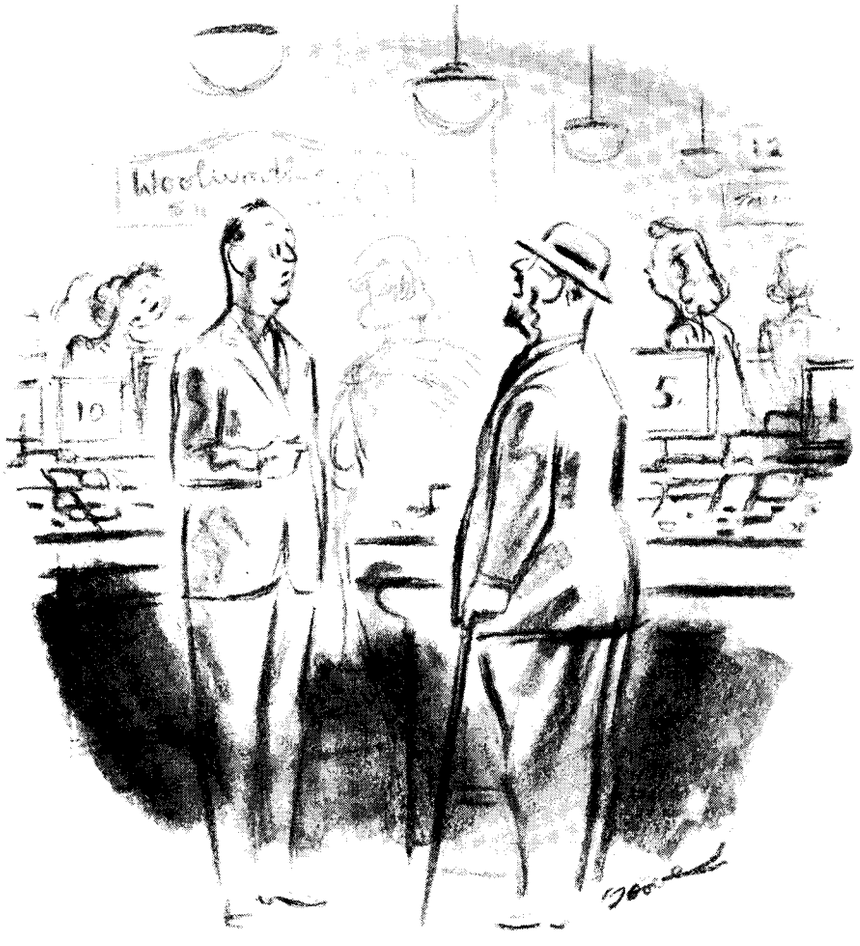
Elderly man or couple to care for small chicken. Write and give full particulars of your experience and what salary expected. Box 57, L.B. Independent.—*Adv. in the Long Beach (Calif.) Independent.*

And remember—the hours are long.



"I'm planning an expedition up the Amazon and I'll be needing a lot of trinkets . . ."

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THE INNER MAN

French Pastry

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PROFILES

LIGHTS, LIGHTS, LIGHTS

FOR Douglas Leigh, an illuminated electric-light bulb has approximately the same attraction it has for a moth. "I have always been fascinated by bright lights," he says, and this fascination, coupled with a fondness for neon, has in the last seven years led him to design and construct thirty-two large electric signs embodying seventy-five thousand bulbs and eighty thousand feet of luminous tubing. As the builder of sixteen signs now flashing along Broadway, among them five of the gaudiest ones in Times Square, he has helped substantially to make the Great White Way greater, if not whiter, and has accordingly been awarded such definitive titles by the press as the Sign King and the Lamplighter of Broadway. The King, who is thirty-one years old, has an almost religious feeling about the importance of lights in the modern scheme of things, and once, replying to a letter in the *Times* from an unbeliever who held that there were far too many illuminated signs in Leigh's favorite neighborhood, he wrote, "If we took the bright lights off Broadway, it would no longer be the throbbing heart that typifies America's gay spirits." The sight of even a single burnt-out bulb fills him with distress, and if New York City is ever thoroughly blacked out, no man will take it harder.

Big signs of the type Leigh most often deals with are known to people in the trade as spectaculars. Leigh has defined a spectacular as "a larger-than-average sign that has unusual neon or bulb animated effects." After one of his spectaculars has been unveiled, or, as sign men say, turned on, he inspects it nightly for several weeks, looking for imperfections. Even when he has no new display to get excited about, he visits his signs at least three times a week, almost always accompanied by his wife, who luckily has also acquired a liking for them. After dinner at their apartment on Beekman Place, they get into their car and he drives west on Fifty-seventh Street. They turn north at Broadway and, as they slowly approach Columbus Circle along Central Park South, Leigh leans forward so that he can fully appreciate the charms of his weather-forecasting Coca-Cola spectacular at the northern side of the Circle. They go as far north as Sixty-fifth Street and Central Park West, where Leigh makes an illegal U turn, bringing into view his Schenley whiskey sign over the southern side of the Circle. Crawling down Broadway at a pace which hampers all other vehicular traffic, he peers delightedly at jobs he has done for Gillette, Silex, and Bromo-Seltzer. When he gets to Thirty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue, he makes another illegal U turn. He then starts north again in order to get a head-on look at his Four Roses sign at Forty-eighth Street. When he reaches Forty-third or Forty-fifth Street, he makes an illegal left turn, drives to Eighth Avenue and up to Forty-sixth, and turns east, legally, stopping halfway down the block. This enables him to look across Broadway with what practically amounts to worship at his Wilson whiskey sign, which presents animated cartoons in lights and is the most luxurious spectacular he has ever devised, costing $100,000 to build and nightly consuming, a member of his staff has somewhat irrelevantly computed, enough electricity to keep every bulb in Hackensack ablaze. To date, Leigh has been let alone by traffic cops. So as not to lose touch with the man in the street, Leigh also makes the rounds on foot from time to time. He likes to sneak up behind people who are looking at his signs and jot down their comments. After one of these trips he usually arrives home with the backs of old envelopes covered by such revealing analyses of his work as "Well!" or "Look at that!"

Douglas Leigh

LEIGH so little resembles a sign king that people who catch him recording their observations about his spectaculars probably take him for a minor poet. He is unimposing physically. He is singularly boyish in appearance and, despite the fact that he has prospered remarkably for a man of his age, has nurtured an air of professional naïveté. He is his own salesman, but he looks incapable of making a sale. When meeting advertising men or captains of industry, he addresses them respectfully as "sir" and zealously lights their cigarettes. Compared to the hard-hitting, cyclonic type of salesman, he is a gentle zephyr, and his meekness has a soothing effect on men that throws them off guard. Now and then a businessman who has difficulty thinking of Leigh except in a paternal way finds himself, at the end of a pleasant chat, committed—like a father grudgingly consenting to finance a few of his son's bizarre excesses—to a sign involving three or four thousand bulbs. Leigh has only two physical characteristics that are even remotely impressive: he always wears both a fresh boutonnière and a bow tie. He owns forty-three bow ties.

Leigh was born on May 24, 1910, in Anniston, Alabama, then a city of twenty-five thousand people and no spectaculars. He began to hint early in life at his future accomplishments by becoming one of the most prodigious salesmen in the South. His father, a banker, supported the family comfortably, but young Leigh nevertheless devoted his formative years to acquiring an income of his own. While in his teens, he embarrassed the circulation department of the Greenville, South Carolina, *News*, which had offered a bicycle to any youngster hardy enough to sell twenty subscriptions, by selling forty and demanding two bikes. The paper decided that its terms had been too easy and allowed him only one. Leigh entered the University of Florida at Gainesville and, during his freshman year, earned more than the majority of his instructors by purchasing the sole rights to sell advertising for the college yearbook and netting $5,000. On the side he dabbled profitably in fraternity pins, alligator-skin belts, pennants, and other campus necessities. In two years he found he had exhausted most of the local markets and left college. By this time he had begun to see possibilities in the advertising-sign business. He went to work for a sign firm in Atlanta, but soon became discontented with his employers' outlook toward outdoor advertising, which he regarded as narrow, and quit. "They are poster-and-paint men," he said disgustedly to friends. Signs, he thought, were a waste of his time unless they were illuminated. He felt himself

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being drawn, mothlike, to New York.

Leigh arrived here in 1930 with practically no money, never having saved any. He got a job with the Brooklyn branch of the General Outdoor Advertising Company, the biggest firm in the poster business, and stayed there for a little over a year, resigning when he was asked to accept a fifty-per-cent pay cut. He decided to go into business for himself, and, to acquire some working capital, he sold a second-hand car he had just bought. For a small cash outlay he got an option on a vacant signboard in the Bronx and apologetically suggested to the Hotel St. Moritz that it advertise at this location. The hotel surprised him by saying yes, and in payment gave him a room and some pin money, which enabled him to eat reasonably well at the Automat. Although he is now able to eat anywhere he likes, he still goes to an Automat occasionally. His favorite is the one on the west side of Broadway at Forty-sixth Street. He sits next to a window and stares through it at his Wilson, Gillette, Silex, Four Roses, and Bromo-Seltzer signs. Once his wife, after waiting in the Astor lobby for two hours past a meeting time they had agreed on, walked up Broadway looking for him and spotted him in the Automat, his nose pressed against the window. "I was absorbed," Leigh apologized. In his struggling days he sought to bolster his morale by purchasing a two-cent carnation at Bloomingdale's every day. He has since promoted himself to a ten-cent boutonnière of bachelor's-buttons, which is delivered to his office every morning by a florist.

Leigh is perhaps the only person in the United States, besides President Roosevelt, who is now in charge of a going business that officially got under way on March 4, 1933. Leigh incorporated himself on that day and, after reading Mr. Roosevelt's inaugural address, promptly set out to count all the electric lights on Times Square. Helped to a certain extent by *Signs of the Times*, a trade journal which had published the number of bulbs in some of the big signs of the time, he made a painstaking survey and arrived at a total of 90,500 bulbs. "I just wanted to know how many there were," he says today to people who doubt the usefulness of the project. Having arrived at that figure, he decided it was too small and resolved to increase it. Looking around for a suitable way to begin, he was struck by one of those inspired thoughts peculiar to advertising men. His idea was to erect a mammoth electrically lighted coffee cup with a bowl fifteen feet in diameter. It was to be, naturally, the largest coffee cup ever built, but just in case someone had already built a larger coffee cup unknown to him, he added the refinement of authentic, live steam, which he envisioned rising realistically and enticingly from sixty-six pinholes in pipes along the rim of the cup. The cup, he planned, would be made of sheet metal and would emit a million and a half cubic feet of steam a month. Leigh sold this idea to the Atlantic & Pacific grocery chain. Not having enough capital to build the sign himself, he delegated this task to another sign company and, during the course of the job, so deeply impressed one of the owners, Fred Kerwer, that the man sold out and went to work for him. Kerwer has been with Leigh ever since as his chief technical assistant. The cup had its première, at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, late in 1933. It worked fine for a few minutes, and then, to Leigh's horror, a few hundred cubic feet of steam condensed and fell on top of some friends he had invited to celebrate the event with him and on several irate strangers. At first Leigh tried to convince his friends that it was raining, but when he saw that he was getting nowhere, he summoned a couple of repairmen to see what they could do about it and glumly went home to bed.

THERE are only a few restrictions on the construction of outdoor signs in New York. Signs on non-fireproof buildings must be no more than fifty feet high; on fireproof buildings they cannot exceed seventy-five feet. Every roof sign must be set back six feet from the edge of the building. No sign may be more than one city block long. Within such limitations as these, sign-builders may construct anything they can persuade someone else to pay for. Leigh thinks of his creations as works of art, which is probably the way postcard men

POOR BUTTERFLY

The Statue of Liberty's fingernails weigh more than a hundred pounds,
says the subway card. And it frankly adds she is one of
Our Town's Oddities.

She could hardly help but be.
She stands *a hundred and fifty* in her great bare feet,
and she's worn a single rakish dress for all her fifty-four years.
It never fitted. It still hikes up in front. It always will.
Her complexion is a ghastly green.
How should a man with springtime in his heart look twice at her?

But she carries a torch, a thousand watts or so,
perhaps for M. Bartholdi, who fashioned her the monstrous Galatea of his spacious dream.
And all the day,
while pygmy tourists clamber up and gossip in her vast insides (which are very cool in summer, everyone says),
she gazes back toward France.

And all the night,
while townsmen gather at their bright cafés
and sing their toasts to Mary Anns,
she stands there in the mists
where the harbor buoys clang their sorry bells for her
and cry for her like children in the dark.

—JUDD POLK

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"It's just a simple case of too much aid to Britain last night."

• •

feel about postcards. Like postcards, signs must necessarily be intelligible to people in the mass. The standard ingredients of most signs, including the inartistic ones, are bright colors that change rapidly into other bright colors, letters that flash rhythmically on and off but stay lighted long enough for even slow readers to make out what product they recommend, and electrical animations of animal or human forms. Leigh says he feels deeply moved whenever he glances at the girl's face hovering over a steaming coffee cup—one of his favorite motifs—in a spectacular he recently completed for Silex. The face has bright-red neon lips, under which the words "Yum Yum" appear from time to time. "Look at that mouth!" Leigh says, with all the fervor of a Cézanne contemplating one of his apples.

Leigh keeps a list of nationally advertised products in his office and consults it whenever he feels an idea coming on. Ideas come on at unpredictable intervals, and whenever they do he instantly searches through his files for products for which they might be appropriate. When he was struck with the notion, for instance, that a weather-predicting sign was sorely needed, he remembered that Coca-Cola was using as a slogan "Thirst knows no season." "Season—weather—hmm," he thought to himself, and within a few months the happy combination of weather forecaster and slogan was displayed at Columbus Circle. Similarly, when Ballantine's was inaugurating its three-ring advertising campaign to promote its beer and ale, Leigh got the idea of having a circus clown toss three neon rings at a stake, the rings conveniently landing, after fifty-seven flashes, in the exact shape of the Ballantine trademark. This seemed sensationally ingenious to everyone concerned and in no time at all appeared on Broadway. A while before that, Leigh had judged it would be artistically and commercially pleasant to place a large penguin over Broadway with a blinking red eye that would flash on every few seconds. He was influenced in his thoughts by the fact that the manufacturers of Kool cigarettes had been featuring penguins in their magazine advertising. The Kool people thought Leigh was a wizard and ordered the penguin. A couple of years later, Leigh, realizing that it was difficult for people on Times Square to tell the time without consulting their watches, looking up at the Paramount Building tower, or asking somebody, induced the Gillette razor company to invest in a large clock which would chime loudly on the hour. The chimes are now sent to a loudspeaker on the clock over a telephone wire leading to the National Broadcasting Company studios, but originally the wire led to a microphone beside an antique clock on the mantelpiece in Leigh's private office. This arrangement was abandoned a couple of years ago shortly after Leigh absent-mindedly turned up the volume on a radio close to his mantelpiece and a whole World Series game was broadcast through Times Square before the police could trace the noise.

LEIGH's tallest sign is the one on Times Square that advertises Four Roses. Before this went up, in June, 1938,

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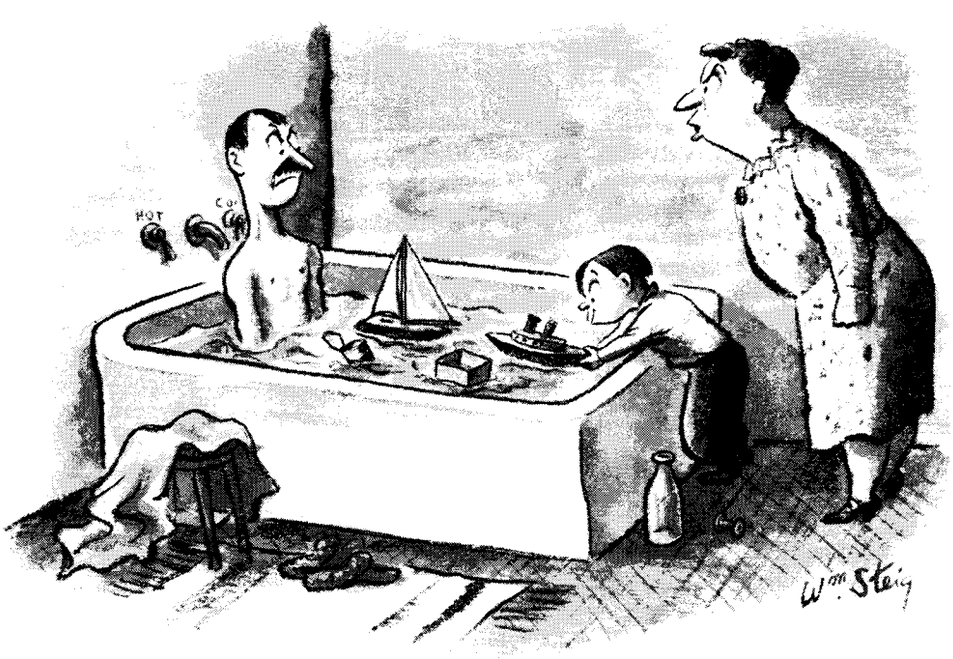
it had never occurred to sign men to use letters more than twenty or twenty-five feet tall. "Four Roses" is spelled out in letters thirty feet tall. The makers of the whiskey were so pleased with the record-breaking proportions of their spectacular that at the time of its unveiling they proclaimed a Four Roses Sign Week. This sign was also of interest to the General Outdoor Advertising Company, which operates the majority of signboards in the country and controlled the Chevrolet spectacular below and a little south of the newcomer. General Outdoor began to lengthen the famous spreading rays on its sign, a move that cut down the visible area of the Four Roses sign. Leigh had a motion-picture photographer make a record of these alterations and then softly reminded General Outdoor of a suit brought against the firm by the government some years before for monopolistic practices. The rays were immediately reduced to their original size. Leigh has had other delicate encounters with General Outdoor, though at present relations between the rivals are amiable. In 1937 General Outdoor controlled two signs only a few feet apart at the southeast corner of Broadway and Forty-sixth Street, a large one for Calvert's whiskey and a smaller one for Bromo-Seltzer. The Calvert people felt that this unfortunate juxtaposition gave observers the wrong idea about the effects of whiskey-drinking on the human head and protested to General Outdoor. The sign company raised the rent of the offending sign so steeply that Bromo-Seltzer gave it up. General Outdoor subsequently relinquished its hold on the space and Leigh snatched it up, offering it to Bromo-Seltzer at a comparatively moderate rental and erecting a Bromo sign brighter than its predecessor. Calvert soon withdrew.

THE Wilson whiskey sign, which was turned on last fall after more than a year of planning and construction, is Leigh's most ambitious undertaking. It includes a three-dimensional porcelain-and-steel bottle thirty-five feet tall, eight colored fountains enclosed in translucent plastic sheaths and lit up by powerful concealed floodlamps, one hundred miles of wire, and a large screen on which an electric highball is poured every seven seconds. He thinks this sign is his masterpiece. The most prominent and complex part of it is a second screen, 640 square feet in area and containing 4,104 light bulbs, on which animated cartoons are shown. Each bulb is turned on and off by its own photoelectric cell. The exclusive American rights to the device, known as Epok, were acquired by Leigh in 1937 from an Austrian inventor who brought the idea to this country. Although the sign is considerably smaller than the Wrigley animated-fish sign two blocks south, Leigh thinks it is the most spectacular spectacular in existence. He likes to point out that the Wrigley sign, which was put up by General Outdoor, is far less complicated than his. "That sign is merely fifteen small signs attached together," he says. "Wilson is the finickiest of them all."

Leigh has installed Epok signs in Boston and Atlantic City as well as New York. For his local Epok screen, he devises a new five-minute animated cartoon every month and employs three experienced animators to carry out his ideas. Their methods are similar to those of Disney artists. The drawings are transferred to celluloid and photographed on sixteen-millimetre film; a five-minute show requires two thousand drawings. The film runs continuously through a motion-picture projector in a room behind the sign and the images are flashed onto a bank of photoelectric cells, which can turn the light bulbs on and off twenty times a second. To keep up with the latest developments in the cartoon field and to add to a collection of effective, trustworthy gags he is assembling, Leigh reads all the comic strips, which he files in his office, and spends a good deal of time at the movies. He goes to see every Mickey Mouse short and he saw "Snow White" fourteen times. He has concluded from his theatregoing experiences that every successful animated cartoon must contain at least one chase in which a large or fierce animal is prevented only by the narrowest margin from inflicting bodily harm on a small or timid one. Leigh has never made a cartoon without a chase in it. He has an affection for animals, especially cats, ducks, ponies, and bear cubs, and constantly has them chased. One creature he steadfastly refuses to cast, even in an aggressive rôle, is the snake, which he feels has negligible popular appeal. "There are many people to whom even a comic snake is repulsive," he says.



"With things the way they are today, why shouldn't he play convoy, please?"

LEIGH has no enthusiasm for small signs in undistinguished neighborhoods. "We don't fool with anything unless it's high-spot," he says. A high-spot is any ambitious sign located at an important intersection, like Columbus Circle; a Times Square sign is a super-high-spot. Actually, Leigh has fooled with quite a few of what might be called low-spots, but he does not care much for them and often puts them up merely to oblige a client who might later be interested in a really artistic spectacular. Sometimes, when Leigh has a space on his hands for which he can find no satisfactory idea or client, he uses it to help out a friend who he thinks deserves advertising. A young writer Leigh knew, upon the completion of his first novel a couple of years ago, was

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KEEP COOL WITH Campbell's*

1

2

3

4

Keep cool refreshing viands on the table these days. Tall tinkling glasses, garden salads, and twinkling, shivering cups of consommé. Clear cool Campbell's Consommé, glowing with the deep amber of fine beef slowly simmered. Your eye says, "This is *it* for a summer day!" And it is. The good beef taste and the subtle savor of carrots, parsley and celery nudge your appetite to life. So here is what to do: **1.** Put some cans of Campbell's Consommé in your refrigerator to jell. **2.** Four hours later, at lunch or dinnertime, remove the cans and open them. **3.** Spoon the consommé forth, heap each cup high with a shimmering, gleaming serving. **4.** Lift spoonfuls of it mouthwards, one, then another, to coolly melt upon your tongue. And then and there, plant Campbell's Consommé firmly in your summer repertory of cool delights. Keep cool about hot weather menu problems; serve Campbell's

CONSOMMÉ

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

***JELLS** *in refrigerator in 4 hours*

CONSOMMÉ MADRILÈNE

And this, too, is a delicious jellied soup. It has delicate refreshing flavor, delightful natural color. Your grocer has it, or he can get it for you.

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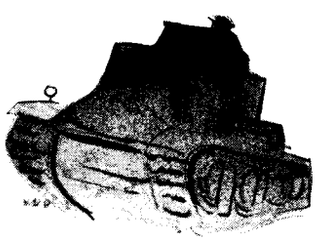
walking along Broadway reading a review of it in his home-town paper when he happened to look up and see it advertised in three colors on a painted sign occupying a thousand square feet in an excellent location overlooking Times Square. The sale of the book was not appreciably increased by this thoughtful gesture, but Leigh has had sufficiently enthusiastic reports from Schenley, Four Roses, Wilson, and Coca-Cola men to feel certain that signs are beneficial to beverages if not to literature. "A spectacular is to its company what Fred Allen is to Texaco or Jack Benny to Jell-O," Leigh says.

When Leigh feels impelled to put up a new sign, he first takes a lease on an available side or roof of a building. Then, equipped with a couple of lively ideas, he drops in on a few businessmen. Unlike many salesmen, he never burdens himself with bulky impedimenta but carries with him only a modest Manila envelope full of papers. He never tries to impress prospects with his knowledge of the sign business or anything else. "If you know too much, you can't talk to advertising men," he has said. For this reason, Leigh has made it a practice never to find out much about the technical intricacies of his own signs. He knows only enough about electricity to be able to distinguish between a kilowatt and an ampere, and rarely mentions even this touch of erudition to advertising men, realizing that they might not be equally familiar with the terms and become resentful. If an advertiser seems interested in an idea of his, Leigh rushes back to his office with the speed of a pursued bear cub and consults with Kerwer, his technical assistant, to determine the proper number of bulbs and the amount of neon to be used. Blueprints are made under Kerwer's supervision and, for complicated signs, a model is constructed. Once an advertiser has given the word, Leigh tells Kerwer to go ahead, and Kerwer summons a crew of sheet-metal workers, electricians, and painters to a factory Leigh maintains in the Bronx. Leigh never visits the factory, fearing that if he were to hang around there he might become too learned and thus lose his rapport with advertising men. He owns the signs he constructs and rents them to his clients; contracts run a minimum of three years. The rent on a Times Square spectacular begins at about $1,500 a month and, depending on size and location, goes as high as $15,000. Leigh attends to all maintenance problems and has a squad of three men who patrol the area between Times Square and Columbus Circle from sunset to 1 A.M., searching for burnt-out or flickering bulbs and inanimate neon tubes and giving first aid when necessary. Leigh owns one semi-spectacular in Brooklyn, an illuminated paint board, but his maintenance men do not inspect this. One of them has a friend in the neighborhood who, for three dollars a month, sticks his head out of a window every night, takes a long, thoughtful look at the sign, and mails Leigh a postcard reporting on its appearance.



Douglas Leigh, Inc., of which Leigh is president and sole stockholder, has collected $1,500,000 in rentals during the past seven years, and the signs it owns are worth, as physical property, about $500,000, he says. Out of the firm's earnings, Leigh draws some $10,000 a year, putting the rest back into the business. The company has a suite of offices on the fifth floor of the International Building in Rockefeller Center. Leigh's desk, an antique, is usually cluttered with papers and with light bulbs, which he likes to have around to look at. One whole drawer is filled with communications from his wife, who frequently drops in and writes him messages if he is out. Mrs. Leigh, a sentimental New York girl who eloped with Leigh three and a half years ago on her eighteenth birthday, has a penchant for writing notes to her husband, who shares this quirk and writes approximately ten thousand of them a year to himself, mostly on small white pads which are scattered around his home, his office, and his car. Mrs. Leigh keeps forty-two photographs of her husband in her dressing room.

On a wall of Leigh's office there is a mounted photograph of the Empire State Building, which he has had altered by an artist so that its mooring mast resembles a giant cigarette with a glowing neon tip. "Lucky Strike should go for that idea quicker than anyone else," Leigh reminded himself in a note one day. Without wholehearted encouragement from the Empire State management, he subsequently approached Lucky Strike's advertising agency, pointing out what an advantage the cigarette would have over its competitors if its name were lettered on four sides of the building just above the observation platform. The agency nibbled at the idea but never really went for it, and it is still available. In a later memorandum to himself, Leigh suggested that the tower might after all be just as easily turned into a package of chewing gum as a cigarette. No one has gone for that, either.

Leigh has cast an acquisitive eye on almost every New York landmark of reasonably impressive dimensions. He carried on a feverish and unsuccessful campaign several years ago to get the West of Central Park Association to let him beautify Columbus Circle by installing a colored, illuminated fountain at the base of Columbus's statue there, and when the World's Fair closed he proposed with equal enthusiasm that he be permitted to transport the fountains in the Lagoon of Nations to the feet of the Statue of Liberty, a plan which was also not adopted. Some time before the Fair opened he conceived a scheme for decorating the Chrysler Building with the names of four Chrysler cars, spelled out vertically down the sides of the building in letters seventy or eighty feet tall. He offered this to the Chrysler Corporation as a substitute for any World's Fair plans it might have had. He further suggested to a meeting of Chrysler officials that four two-billion-candlepower searchlights be attached to the building and that beams be cast across the night sky in geometrical patterns by mechanically controlled gears. Afterward, he added climactically, while the Chrysler men blinked, he would have the gears disengaged and set four men to operate the searchlights by hand, focussing them on four Goodyear blimps which would cruise over the city with appropriate advertising messages written on their undersides in neon. Chrysler decided against this proposal and modestly put on a $2,000,000 exhibit at the Fair instead.

To have such ideas turned down does not seriously discourage Leigh, because he is confident that others just as outlandish will come to him. In case they ever stop coming, however, he has a cache of about a hundred unusual business ideas outside the field of advertising to fall back on. He keeps them in a safe-deposit box and is secretive about them, but has admitted that one of the more trifling plans involves purchasing a particularly pyrotechnic kindling wood in the South for a nickel a bundle, packaging it in a stylish cardboard box with a cellophane window, and distributing it to Yankees at a dollar a bundle. The files of ideas he keeps in his office are full of terse suggestions for future advertising

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Actual color photograph — Tom Smothers inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

Luckies pay more for this milder leaf!"

says Tom Smothers, tobacco warehouseman of Reidsville, N. C.

"I've got a ringside seat at the tobacco auctions — and I can tell you it's Luckies that go after the lighter, milder leaf and pay the price to get it. Knowing this, I smoke Luckies myself, and so do most other independent buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen."

As everybody knows, you get what you pay for . . . and Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

With men who know tobacco best — It's Luckies 2 to 1

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

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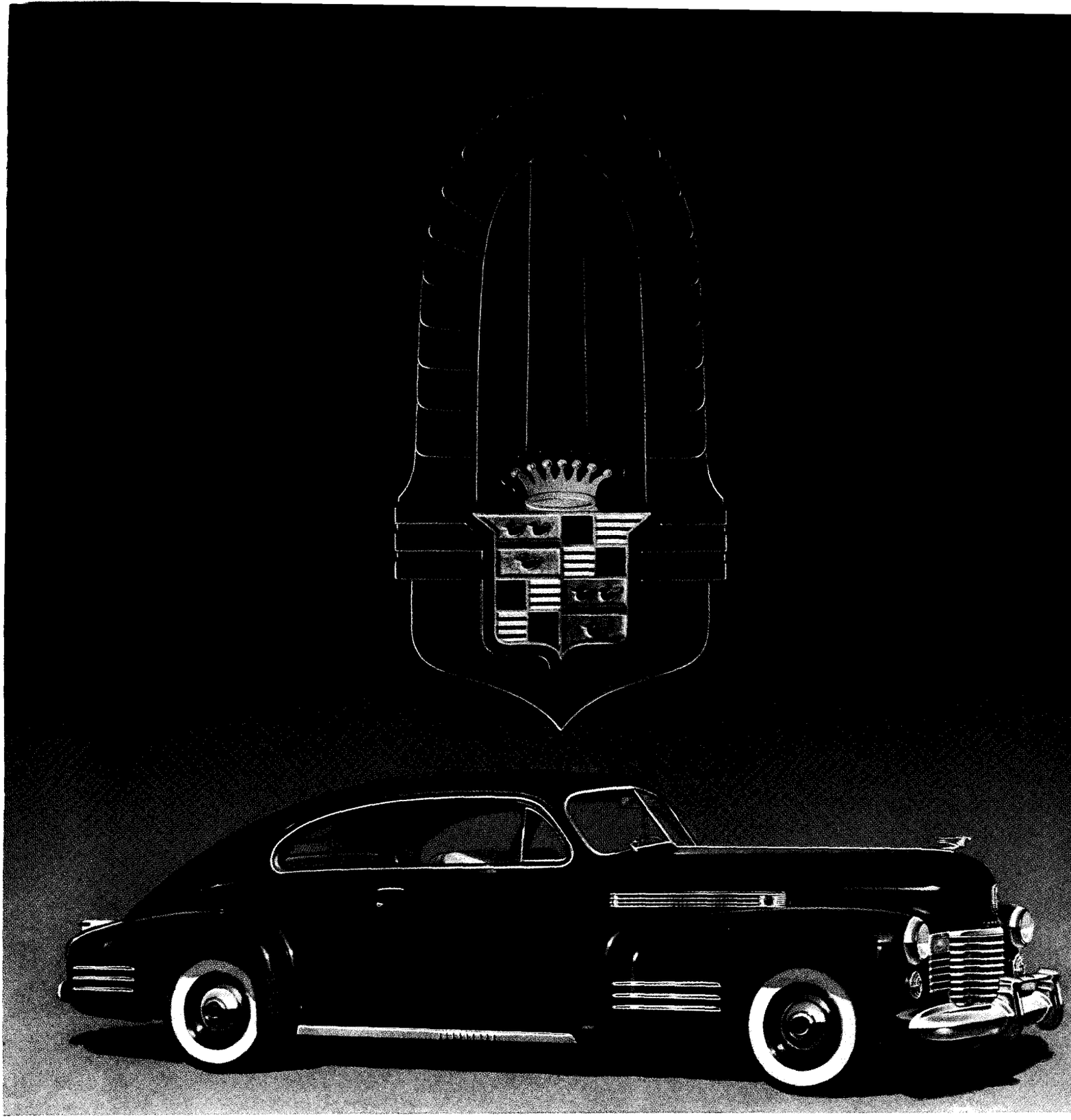

TOMORROW'S CAR AT TODAY'S PRICE!

Cadillac $1345

For the Cadillac Sixty-One FIVE-PASSENGER Coupe delivered at Detroit. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. White sidewall tires optional at extra cost. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

IF YOU'D LIKE a foretaste of the future, look over this splendid Cadillac—*and then take a ride.*

What you'll *see* and *experience* will completely convince you that here is *tomorrow's car.*

Nowhere else *today* will you find such luxury at such low cost . . . or performance equalling that of Cadillac's mightiest V-8 engine with Hydra-Matic Drive (optional at extra cost). This feature *alone* assures matchless pleasure for months to come!

Yes—a ride will prove that this is tomorrow's car. And today's low price proves that it's an investment too good to miss! So why not come up *right now* to where you want to be?

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HERMAN SHUMLIN presents his
TWO PRIZE-WINNING PLAYS
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S
"WATCH ON THE RHINE"
Lucile Watson • Paul Lukas • Mady Christians
MARTIN BECK Theatre, W. 45 St., Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Drama Critics' Circle Awards 1941
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
by EMLYN WILLIAMS
NATIONAL Theatre, W. 41 St.
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-Conditioned Theatres

BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR!
Vote These Members of CRITICS' CIRCLE
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN — JOHN ANDERSON
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH — STARK YOUNG
JOHN MASON BROWN — GRENVILLE VERNON
SAROYAN's New Comedy
"THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE"
"TENDER AND BEAUTIFUL"—Walter Winchell
LYCEUM THEATRE, 45 East of Broadway. Eves. 8:50
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:50—SUN. PERFS. at 8:45 P.M.

"A PERFECT COMEDY" —ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
Air-Conditioned
EMPIRE Theatre

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURES

CAPITOL B'WAY and 51st St.
AIR-COOLED
Current Attraction
William POWELL • Myrna LOY
"LOVE CRAZY"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

ORSON WELLES
CITIZEN KANE
RKO RADIO PICTURE
RKO PALACE 47th ST. & B'WAY BRYANT 9-4300
TWICE DAILY 2:30 & 8:30
ALL SEATS RESERVED
MIDNITE SHOW SAT.

activities, like "The Claridge wall is a natural for a cigar" and "Build world's largest flagpole." While jotting down such visionary thoughts, Leigh sometimes lapses into poesy, and it is not unusual for him to compose—between a note about the advisability of erecting a windmill on Broadway and a note wondering if it wouldn't be wise for the Hotel New Yorker to have a cocktail glass projecting from its side with an electric girl inside it saying in neon, "Won't you join me in a cocktail at the New Yorker?"—a lyrical memorandum like:

> Neon signs flashing on and off,
> Theatre marquees glaring.
> Lights, lights, lights—
> Bold, defiant lights.

Leigh has been prevented from attempting to carry out one of his most unconventional ideas only by the war. While sitting at his desk one day a couple of years ago, not concentrating very hard, he suddenly grabbed a pencil and wrote excitedly, "Learn of the situation at the Rock of Gibraltar and ascertain whether or not it is possible to actually paint copy there for Prudential Insurance. This would be worth thousands of dollars to us." The memo was typed out and filed away by his secretary, and by the time Leigh got around to thinking about it again there was hardly anything that could sensibly be painted on the Rock but a sign saying "Keep Off." If things ever quiet down over there, Leigh intends to look the situation over and, if possible, erect a mammoth illuminated sign. "Check on Gibraltar's visibility from North Africa," he recently scribbled on the back of an old envelope.—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

(UNLIKELY REMARKS DIVISION)

[From an address delivered by Judge T. Whitfield Davidson to the students of Abilene Christian College and later inserted in the Congressional Record by Senator Sheppard]

There will come a time in the life of almost every young man under the sound of my voice, when he will take the woman of his choice by the hand and he will go to some beautiful cottage, and say to her: "It is ours. Under the American form of government nobody can take it away from us, because under the Constitution of these United States no man can be deprived of his property except by due process of law. No President can take it, no Governor can take it, nobody can take it unless he has a claim on it, and he must establish that claim before an impartial judge and 12 jurors, or else it will always be ours."

SAM H. HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
Closes for summer June 14th. Seats now on sale for ten weeks beginning September 1st (re-opening date).
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in a Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN Thea., 52 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
NEW PRICES! $2.20, $1.65, $1.10—No Higher

IF IT'S A B. G. DE SYLVA MUSICAL IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!
"A ROARING MUSICAL." Atkinson, Times
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway. Circle 6-6075
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
"A PERFECT MUSICAL." Walter Winchell
WILLIAM VERA VICTOR
GAXTON • ZORINA • MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs
Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

KATHARINE CORNELL
presents
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
by BERNARD SHAW
with
BRAMWELL FLETCHER
COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON
SHUBERT THEATRE, W. 44th St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
4th YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

Mercury Production by ORSON WELLES
Native Son
A Play by PAUL GREEN & RICHARD WRIGHT
"★★★★" —MANTLE, NEWS
ST. JAMES Thea., 246 W. 44 St. LAc. 4-4664
Eves. incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sat. 2:40—Sun. 3. No Mon. Perfs.

"BRILLIANT." Watts, Her. Trib.
PAL JOEY
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical comedy hit
BOOK by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS & HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL - GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT - JUNE HAVOC
BARRYMORE Thea., W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"The best new American play of the season"
Richard Watts, Jr., Herald Tribune
JOHN GOLDEN presents
"CLAUDIA"
BY ROSE FRANKEN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
CI 6-5969. Mon. Thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
AIR-CONDITIONED

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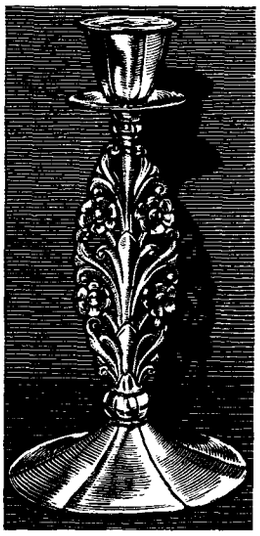

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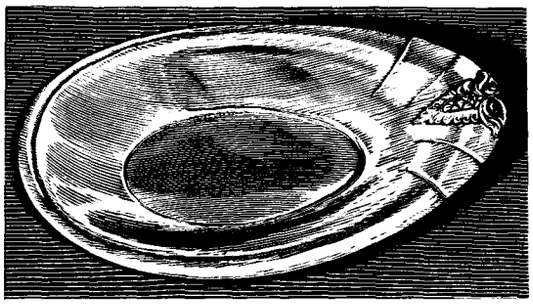

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OF ALL THINGS

MANY of us feel that the war is becoming too monotonous. It would be a refreshing change to have the Germans fighting courageously against overwhelming odds.

•

Planes from the Ark Royal played an important part in the sinking of the Bismarck. This only goes to show how wise Dr. Goebbels was in sinking that aircraft carrier so early and so often.

•

General Wood, of the America First Committee, thinks it might be all right to let the Nazis have that part of South America "below the bulge." Presumably they would be kept there by the force of gravity.

•

This department is sure that LaGuardia can hold his defence post and still run the city. Of course, he might have to cut down a bit on personal fire-fighting, riveting, and acetylene-torch work.

•

The Navy is in need of 35,000 men. Able-bodied young fellows are hereby offered a fine opportunity to serve their country and meet Gene Tunney.

•

New York is mourning the untimely death of "Tobacco Road" at the tender age of seven and a half. Probably the little cuss's system was weakened by bad habits.

•

Senator Norris's plan for nationwide Presidential primaries possibly means the abolition of National Conventions. This would be deplored by all fun-loving people and hotelkeepers.

•

The Eastern part of the country may soon be enjoying gasless Sundays. Motorists can sit quietly at home, smelling flowers and thinking about Secretary Ickes.

•

Dr. Kurt Rieth has been removed from the Waldorf-Astoria to Ellis Island on the ground that he is a Nazi agent. His accommodations are not as luxurious, but he gets a better view of the Statue of Liberty.

•

Darlan assails the British for their acts of aggression. You can't do things like that to France, he says, unless you are Hitler. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 1 (BY CABLE)

AT four-thirty last Wednesday morning, lots of Londoners broke off the beauty sleep of yet another uncannily *Blitz*-free night and got up to join the world at President Roosevelt's fireside. His speech had been more eagerly awaited than any other pronouncement since the war began; when the President was through talking, its implications were as eagerly discussed. Those who made the early-rising effort were able to feel superior to those who didn't, for the morning papers carried the address only in condensed, stop-press form. When the full text was published later in the day, the general impression seemed to be one of keen satisfaction over a piece of speaking plain enough to leave no one, friend or enemy, in any possible doubt. The minority, which still likes its declarations of war cut and dried in the old, now demoded way, was disappointed that the President had not announced a definite, immediate program involving convoys. The vast majority, however, believed that reassurance on this point could be read into his firm promise to get the goods here by any means and in spite of any intimidation. British admiration is profound for the Roosevelt sense of strategic timing, which the people here regard as second to none, not barring Hitler's. Hearing the words of the great proclamation ringing out on the unusual stillness of the London night was a moving experience, as moving as hearing George VI haltingly Godspeed his people into war on a beautiful September evening long ago.

Maybe the enthusiasm over the President's address was sober because of the realization of the solemnity of the step taken, or maybe it was because all the wild superlatives had been used up over the Bismarck the day before. That news appeared in time for beaming Londoners to celebrate with a quick one in the lunch interval. The excitement was tremendous, for everyone had been holding his breath, and not daring to hope, ever since word came that the hunt was on. In the view of the experts, the destruction of the Bismarck more than cancelled out the loss of the Hood, though this perhaps was not altogether the view of the faithful public, to whom the elderly Hood had always seemed a special and practically indestructible bit of national property. There was considerable criticism of the reference to luck in the official communiqués, although Lord Chatfield corroborated them to the extent of saying that any hit at such a range must be a matter of luck rather than of skill. The fact that the Hood was lost in exactly the same way as three ships at Jutland also raised a lot of questions as to whether all the knowledge gained in that engagement had been embodied in her construction.

Questions, in fact, have been running all through the past week's news. Events in Crete look on the verge of supplying a bitter solution to the major poser—whether a combatant fighting with an army and air force but without a navy can get the better of one fighting with an army and navy but without an air force. As the news from Iraq has improved, the news of the desperately important battle of Crete has grown more serious, until it now seems that the press is cautiously coaching the public to expect the worst. The worst being exactly what every Briton equipped with eyesight and a good map has expected for the last week, no developments in that direction are likely to come as a shock, though that doesn't lessen the dreary agonies of waiting, wondering, and somehow living until the next news bulletin. As a rehearsal for invasion, the campaign off the Grecian mainland has probably provided valuable lessons for both sides, but at the moment all that Britons are thinking about is the men being dive-bombed on Cretan beaches, just as a year ago they were thinking of the same thing happening on the beaches of Dunkerque. The miracle that occurred then doesn't seem possible now, either geographically or in view of Mr. Churchill's recent sombre promise that Crete would be defended "to the death."

WITH this ever-present anxiety weighing on people's minds, it's not surprising that the Whitsun weekend doesn't seem much like a holiday, although banks will be closed as usual on Monday, unless, in the stately official phrase, "anything unforeseen occurs." Actually, something unforeseen to the public was sprung this morning when the President of the Board of Trade came on the air to announce the imminent rationing of clothes, thereby ruining the Sunday-breakfast appetites

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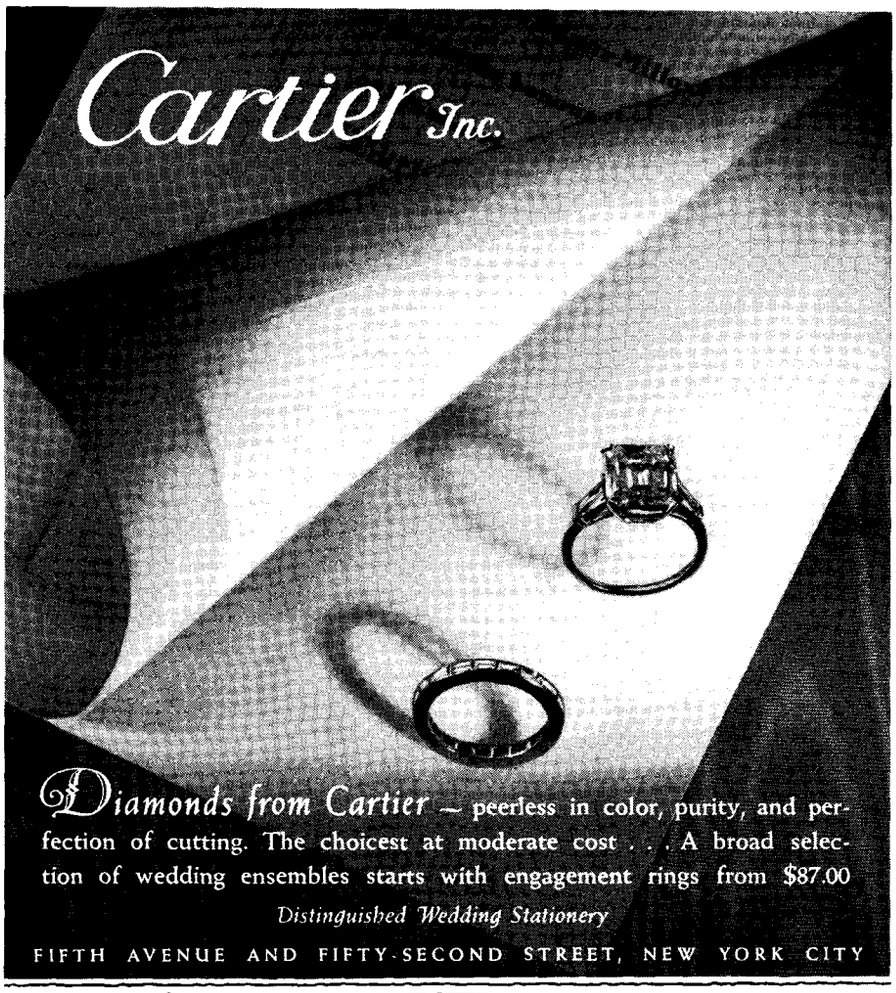
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of millions of women who regretted not having bought that little outfit they'd dithered about the other day. Sixty-six coupons are to be the basic ration for twelve months, no matter where you shop, which sounds all right until you realize that you must fork out, for example, seven coupons just for a washable frock and five for a sweater. To get a pair of pants, a man will have to turn in eight; if he's Scotch and fancies a kilt, he need part with only six. It was prosaically announced that the spare page of margarine coupons in the Englishman's food-ration book is to be used for clothing until the authorities get around to issuing separate clothing books, which should give couturiers an elegant shudder. No one quite knows how this is going to work out or how the officials plan to prevent a bootleg smock or two from changing hands quietly under the counter, but it is certain that this new step will mean the writing off of hundreds of small businesses which have bravely struggled along against the *Blitz* and the disappearance of their best clients to the country.

The country is where millions of unmoneyed as well as moneyed Londoners usually count on going for an annual Whitmonday excursion, but this year a stroll to look at the sheepshearing now giving a bucolic air to Hyde Park is probably the nearest most will get to it. The usual jaunts to the seaside are impossible, even for those who can take the time off, because most accessible bits of ocean are in defence areas prohibited to casual tripper traffic, which, anyway, has been severely curtailed by the recent further cut in the gasoline ration. It is hoped by aggrieved civilians that something equally tough is going to be done about Army gasoline, which apparently isn't stinted, judging by the sorties of lorries sent on unessential journeys that a dispatch rider on a motorcycle could perform just as well at a fraction of the expense for fuel.

Motorists, gloomily counting their diminished gasoline coupons this month, were cheered by finding a memorandum from the Ministry of Transport tucked inside the book. It gives instructions for the immobilization of cars in the event of invasion. The magneto and the fuel-injection pump must be smashed with a hammer, and in case non-mechanical owners should stand gaping and wondering which of the silly-looking things to smash first, the pamphlet recommends gently that "they should go to the nearest garage at once to find out."

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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PERSON TO PERSON

IT was a few minutes before eleven—as always, a busy time at Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore. All the lawyers, except for a few who had departed for the courts or other business engagements, were on the premises. In outer offices secretaries were typing, filing, consulting, and speaking over the telephone in the authoritative tones of princesses royal. The big general stenographers' room, dedicated to routine tasks, echoed with brief, staccato sounds. In the corridors were boys with books, briefs, and memoranda of law, and here and there a sprinkling of the elect. The atmosphere of the library was quieter, but work was in progress in that quarter, too. Out in the reception room, Mr. Vipond, the managing clerk and official greeter, was being professionally attentive to Mr. Angevine, of the Bethesda Refining Corporation, who was waiting to see Mr. Forbes. Stepping off an elevator, Mr. Bryan and young Mr. Gill hurried across the room to give Mr. Angevine purring assurance that he looked unusually well. At the switchboard, visible behind plate glass, Miss Fitzjames was about to be assisted for the rush hours by a second operator, who was even now removing her hat and truculently scratching an ankle.

Unlike Miss Fitzjames, a pretty girl with an obvious interest in dress, the second operator looked as though she had dedicated herself to a wholly cerebral life, which was indeed the case. Although she was short and knobby, there was an air of purposefulness, of going forward, about her. In a curiously streamlined fashion, her chin protruded while her forehead receded. She had drawn her straight black hair into a knot at the nape of her neck and had secured the unlovely wad with a plain rubber band. This was Miss Koszalka, and beside her Miss Fitzjames' charms seemed a trifle bisque.

Miss Fitzjames waved a hand but refrained from saying good morning. Something more interesting was commanding her attention. "That Savastano!" she said at last, when she had disconnected the wire. "Honestly, sometimes I wonder if he ever comes out ahead."

"What is it this time?"

"Telling somebody he put two hundred on Gay Maisie in the fifth at Belmont yesterday to win. But it didn't. . . . *Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore. . . . Mr. Keoghan? Thank you.* . . . Imagine, putting all that money on the nose!"

Miss Koszalka took her place at the switchboard. "He'll get *his* someday," she said grimly, "and he'll get it on the nose, too."

Miss Fitzjames said "Yeah," but without animosity. She was chiefly interested in the entertainment value of Mr. Savastano's call, which would give her something to talk about at the family dinner table in Flatbush and later in the evening at the Young Women's League of the Heart of Mary.

"My poison ivy is worse," Miss Koszalka said. "*Yes? . . . Mr. Keoghan's line is busy, Mr. Devore. I will call you.* . . . Believe me! I'm never going back to Flugelman's Manor! Everywhere you look—poison ivy. I think where I got it was a little path beside the brook. The funny thing is that the party I was with didn't get it at all. Ho hum, such is life. We got to talking about Consumers' Research and I didn't notice where I was going. . . . *Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore. . . . The treasurer? Mr. Boddington is the treasurer. Did you wish to be connected? . . . Thank you.* . . . Who's Keoghan talking to?"

"That sister."

"She's practically the only woman he ever calls up. In my experience, anyway."

"Old stick-in-the-mud!" Miss Fitzjames said resentfully. "*Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore. . . . Miss Starbuck? I'm sorry, Miss Starbuck is not in the office today. Would you care to leave a message? . . . Oh, hello, Mrs. Hathaway. . . . No, Miss Starbuck isn't coming in at all. She phoned to say she still feels kind of grippy. Do you wish to speak with Mr. Hathaway? . . . Oh, I see. Well, she's still at the Parkside, and I know she likes all the old-fashioned flowers. That's what she generally buys for her desk. . . . Goodbye, Mrs. Hathaway.* . . . I call that very nice of her, sending flowers to Starbuck. I bet nobody ever sent Starbuck flowers before."

Miss Koszalka was unimpressed. "*Mr. Keoghan's wire is clear, Miss Deevey. Mr. Devore can have him now.* . . . What's so wonderful about it? She can afford to send flowers, can't she? Don't get me started on your old Hathaways!"

"She's cute," Miss Fitzjames said, "and he's cute, too. . . . *Yes? . . . Thank you.*"

"Thinks he's an intellectual!" Miss Koszalka sniffed. "Just because he belongs to the Town Hall Club!"

"I like everything about him," said Miss Fitzjames, who was not one to desert her favorites. "He's nice. . . . *Was that Murray Hill fi-uv or Murray Hill ny-un? . . . Thank you.* . . . You've got to admit he made Boddington recommend a raise in the Christmas bonuses just before the meeting last year."

"Sometimes you get a big louse and sometimes you get a little louse," Miss Koszalka said. "What's the difference?"

"Mr. Hathaway has a very lovely character," Miss Fitzjames said. "*Forbes, Hatha—I'm sorry, Miss Harmon. I seem to be going crazy out here. . . . Wait a minute. I can't see unless I get my head in a certain position. . . . Yes, he's still talking to Mr. Angevine. . . . Okeydoke.* . . . Also, I'm not in the habit of using the word 'louse' in my private conversation."

MISS KOSZALKA knew when to drop a subject. She and Miss Fitzjames, while not congenial, had arrived at a happy working agreement regarding the more interesting calls. There was no point in jeopardizing such a satisfactory arrangement. "Anything happen before I got here?" she asked.

"Not much," said Miss Fitzjames. "Harmon's getting herself a mink-dyed muskrat at Bonwit's for two hundred and fifty, and Breitstein isn't getting his judgeship because the Italian voters still have one coming to them, and—"

"Is that true?" Miss Koszalka asked with great excitement. "*Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore. . . . Will you spell the name, please? . . . E-m-l-o-w? No, I'm sorry. We have no one here by that name.*"

"Wait a minute," Miss Fitzjames said.

"*Wait a minute, please. Will you hold the wire?*" said Miss Koszalka.

"Old man. Died last year. Before you came."

"*I'm sorry, but Mr. Emlow has passed along,*" Miss Koszalka said. "*Would you care to leave a message? . . . Thank you.* . . . Are you sure the Italians are going to get another judgeship? Is that positive?" Miss Koszalka took a small part in city politics.

"I was going to explain about that. I don't know whether they are or not. That's the reason Breitstein was given. From somebody else's call, I got the idea he wasn't getting a judgeship because he represents so many big realty groups."

"Then maybe the Italians won't get

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it, necessarily?" Miss Koszalka asked.

This was very dull for Miss Fitzjames. "I don't know," she said. "You'll have to find out from Devore. I think he knows something about it. . . . *Yes?* . . . *Thank you.*" She brightened instantly. "Montelius," she said, leaving the line open and shielding her mouthpiece. "I just love that Southern accent. The way he says 'Butterfield.'"

"Southerners!" Miss Koszalka said with contempt. "Socially decadent!"

"That's where you're mistaken," Miss Fitzjames said earnestly. "As soon as they marry a woman, they treat her with the greatest consideration. Guess what! Montelius is calling that old Patty Elizabeth Chalmers again!"

"*Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore,*" said Miss Koszalka. "*Miss Deevey? Thank you.*"

Miss Fitzjames sighed when she had disconnected the wire. "Cocktails," she said. "I wish we didn't have the non-fraternizing rules. I happen to know they don't have any at Sherburne & Sherburne, for instance. . . . *Yes? . . . Did you say Wickersham 2, Mr. Devore? . . . Thank you.* . . . Devore's calling those people again about Breitstein's nomination. Want to change boards?"

"Thanks," Miss Koszalka said.

"*Yes? . . . Library? Thank you,*" Miss Fitzjames said. "Here you are, Rose. . . . *Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore. . . . Mr. Gill? Thank you.* . . . Say, this is beginning to get me down. . . . *Yes?*"

"Sh-h-h," said Miss Koszalka, gesticulating frantically.

"*Yes, Mr. Forbes? . . . Yes, I certainly will! Miss Koszalka can handle all the other calls. I'll devote my whole attention to it.* . . . Take everything, will you, while I put this through? . . . *I guess you'd better keep holding the wire, Mr. Forbes.*"

"Sh-h-h," Miss Koszalka said again. "Talk lower."

"I don't *care*. You've *got* to! He wants the White House!"

"Work, work, work," said Miss Koszalka, closing her key. "Old crabs. Never give anybody a minute's peace. The Italians aren't going to get their judgeship after all. Hey, what's the matter?"

"*This is Whitehall 6-9898,*" Miss Fitzjames said importantly as she flicked over the leaves of a small, leather-bound notebook. "*I want a number in Washington, D.C. Mr. Lowden Forbes, L-o-w-d-e-n F-o-r-b-e-s, is calling the President of the United States—National 1414. If necessary, will you give us one of the President's secretaries?*"

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"My God!" Miss Koszalka said, and then, without much hope, "Everybody's flashing. Want me to take it?"

Miss Fitzjames waved her away. "*That is correct, Operator,*" she said graciously. "*Kindly connect us as fast as you possibly can. . . . Are you holding the wire, Mr. Forbes?* . . . Take the board, Rose! Don't just sit there!"

Miss Koszalka dealt brilliantly with the situation, saying at machine-gun tempo either "*Yes? . . . All the outside wires are busy. I will call you*" or "*Yes? . . . That wire is busy. I will call you.*" Incoming calls she disregarded beyond a hasty "*One moment, please.*"

"*Go ahead, Mr. Forbes,*" Miss Fitzjames said in a voice that no one at the Young Women's League of the Heart of Mary could possibly have recognized.

There was absolute silence at the switchboard.

WHEN the Washington call was all over, Miss Fitzjames delivered a summary, not without traces of the recent elegance. "So you see," she concluded, "the President's schedule is so crowded that he can't possibly promise to make a speech, even though the date of the conference is three months away."

Miss Koszalka looked pleased. "I'd have given my eye teeth to hear Forbes getting the brush-off," she said dreamily.

Miss Fitzjames was on the point of objecting to the use of the expression "brush-off" in connection with such exalted happenings, but a fretful world deterred her. "Look!" she said with horror. At least twenty lights were winking at them.

"*Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore,*" said Miss Koszalka.

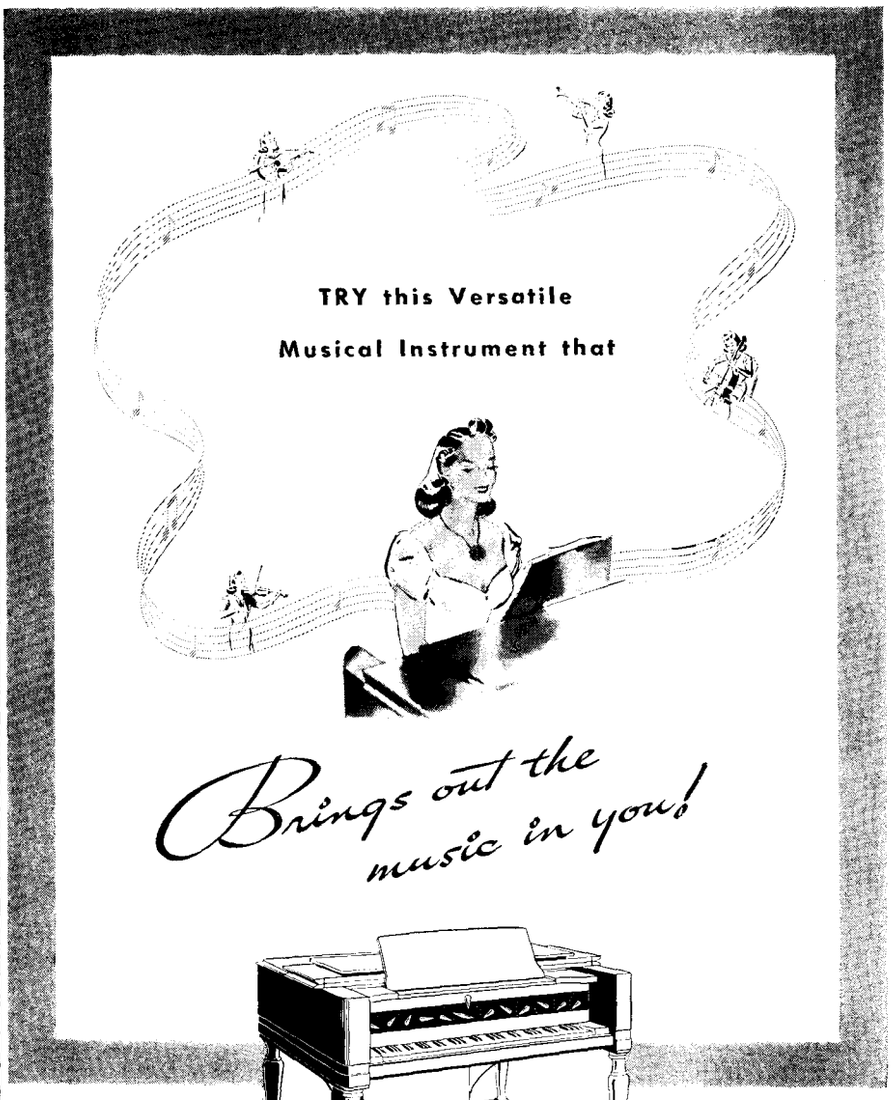
"*Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore,*" said Miss Fitzjames.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

There cannot really be much to fear from a state of mind that can describe the readers of the *New Yorker* as:—". . . a group suspected of a common predisposition, toward a definable literary stimulus, which the agencies of distribution make easily available, and which we know the group seeks with some consistency because it supplies a type of satisfaction this group wants more than most readers want it." —*From a review, in the London Times Literary Supplement, of "What Reading Does to People," by Douglas Waples, Bernard Berelson, and Franklyn R. Bradshaw.*

Maybe there isn't much to fear, but we watch everybody pretty carefully these days.



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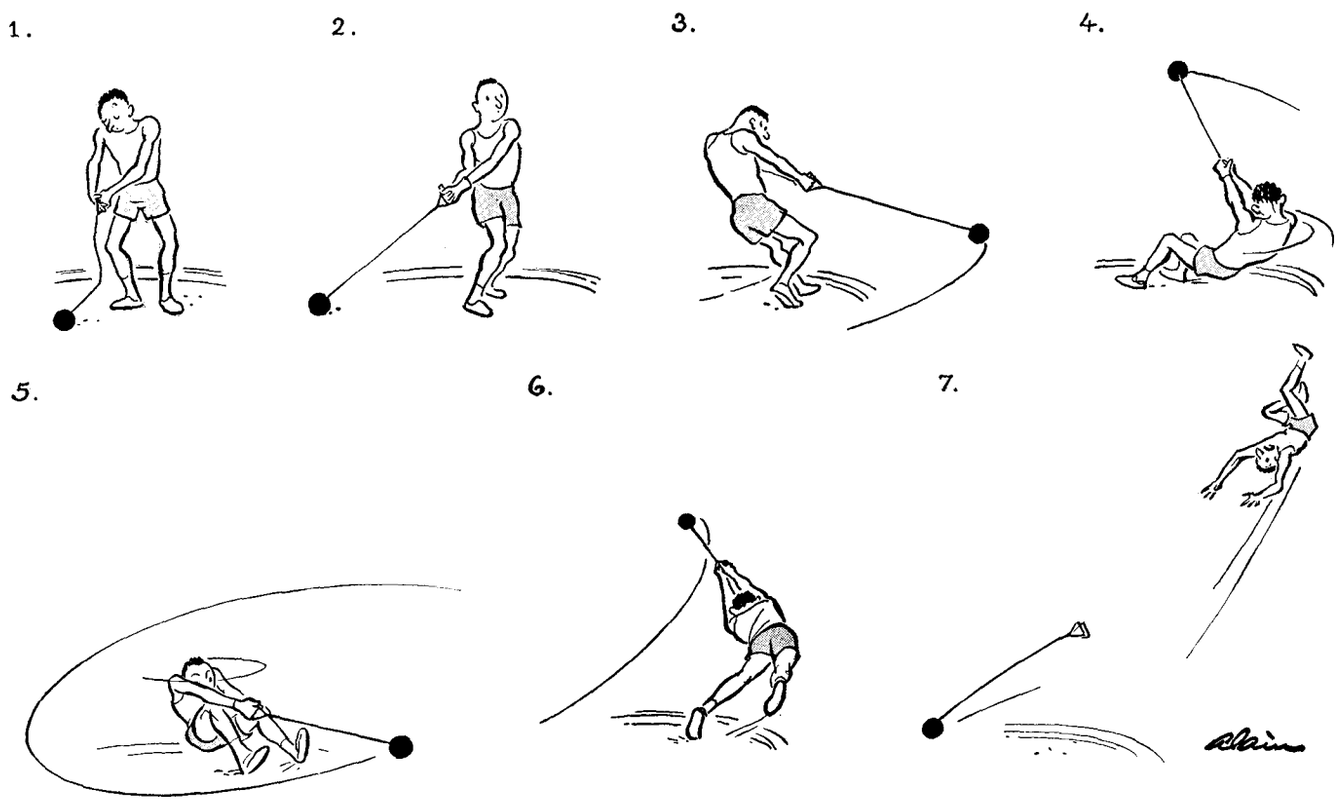
A REPORTER AT LARGE

BLITZ BY PARTNERSHIP

MONEY is the blood of society. Since June, 1940, France has been dying of anemia. The French people, with their passion for money and their memory of how winning the last war nearly ruined them economically, perhaps honestly felt they could not afford to go on trying for a victory in this one and that defeat would be cheaper. Yet the French capitulation to the Germans last year has already turned out to be, in money alone and regardless of the loss in prestige and political honor, the most curiously costly defeat in modern history. This is the result mainly of the exploitation in German France of one of the strangest business theories that even the Nazis have invented—conquest through business partnership. This is a quiet, modern, Teutonic twist to war, with the roar of expensive bombs giving way to the neat tap of the office typewriter recording profits. According to French businessmen émigrés who have arrived on this side of the Atlantic, it is only after a year of conquest that the dazed Paris industrialists have realized exactly how the scheme works and what it costs. Like most Nazi theories, this one is based on going contrary to history and borrowing methods from the setup the Nazis aim to tear down. Conquest has classically consisted of destroying your enemy's wealth; in Occupied France, the Nazis have moved in as the enemy's business partner. Since the Nazi ideological aim is to annihilate the democracies, to annihilate France the Nazis are using the capitalistic methods that democracies were founded on.

As nearly as the French are able to make out when they look backward—they have nothing to look forward to—this new Nazi business system was laid down in the last year of peace, 1938, when certain German tourists combined the joys of ordinary sightseeing with remarkably accurate squints at certain French industries, principally the heavy ones. In June, 1940, when the German army marched into Paris, its regiment of financial experts, now touring in earnest, promptly motored to the offices of all the large public accounting firms, including the Paris office of Price Waterhouse, and sealed the premises. German officials, felicitously called *Bevollmächtigten*, or authorized agents, were also at once placed in all French banks. Then, for the next few months, while French industry and finance seethed with confusion or were paralyzed because of absentee management, German experts in those banks and accounting offices made an orderly, energetic study of the particular French companies Berlin was interested in. These few months also were devoted to collecting the strictly local fortune necessary to put the Nazis into the plutocratic investing class. Where the Nazis got their money, which reputedly poured day after day into the Banque de France, is, as usual, one of the mysteries of Europe. Certainly one of the main sources has been the difference between the 400,000,000 francs which, under the armistice terms, France had to pay the Nazis daily for the maintenance of their army of occupation and the 125,000,000 francs a day which it actually cost.

By November of last year, the Nazis, already become billionaires on French money, were ready to enter the French investment market. Their activity consisted of three moves punctiliously legal under any modern code of laws: (1) The Nazis quietly tried, through brokerage offices, to buy enough stock to give them a majority holding in the companies they had their eyes on. Most of these companies, especially in the heavy industries, were in the rich, industrialized north of France, physically convenient to Berlin. (2) If No. 1 failed, the Nazis went directly to stockholders whose bank balances, as some *Bevollmächtigten* had taken the trouble to discover, were low. (3) If No. 1 and No. 2 failed—and mostly they did not, since brokers, investors, and even family corporations were usually tragically happy to sell—the Germans worked what Wall Street might call a squeeze play. A Nazi bank agent, acting theoretically in



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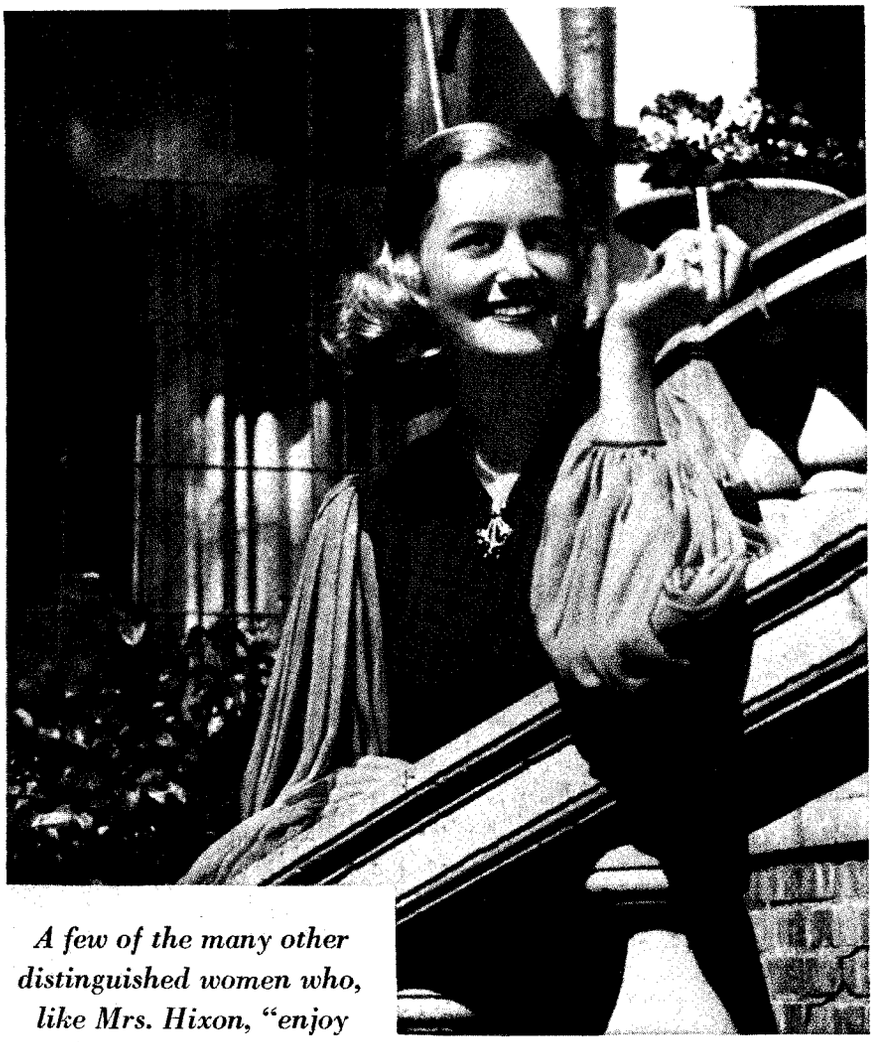

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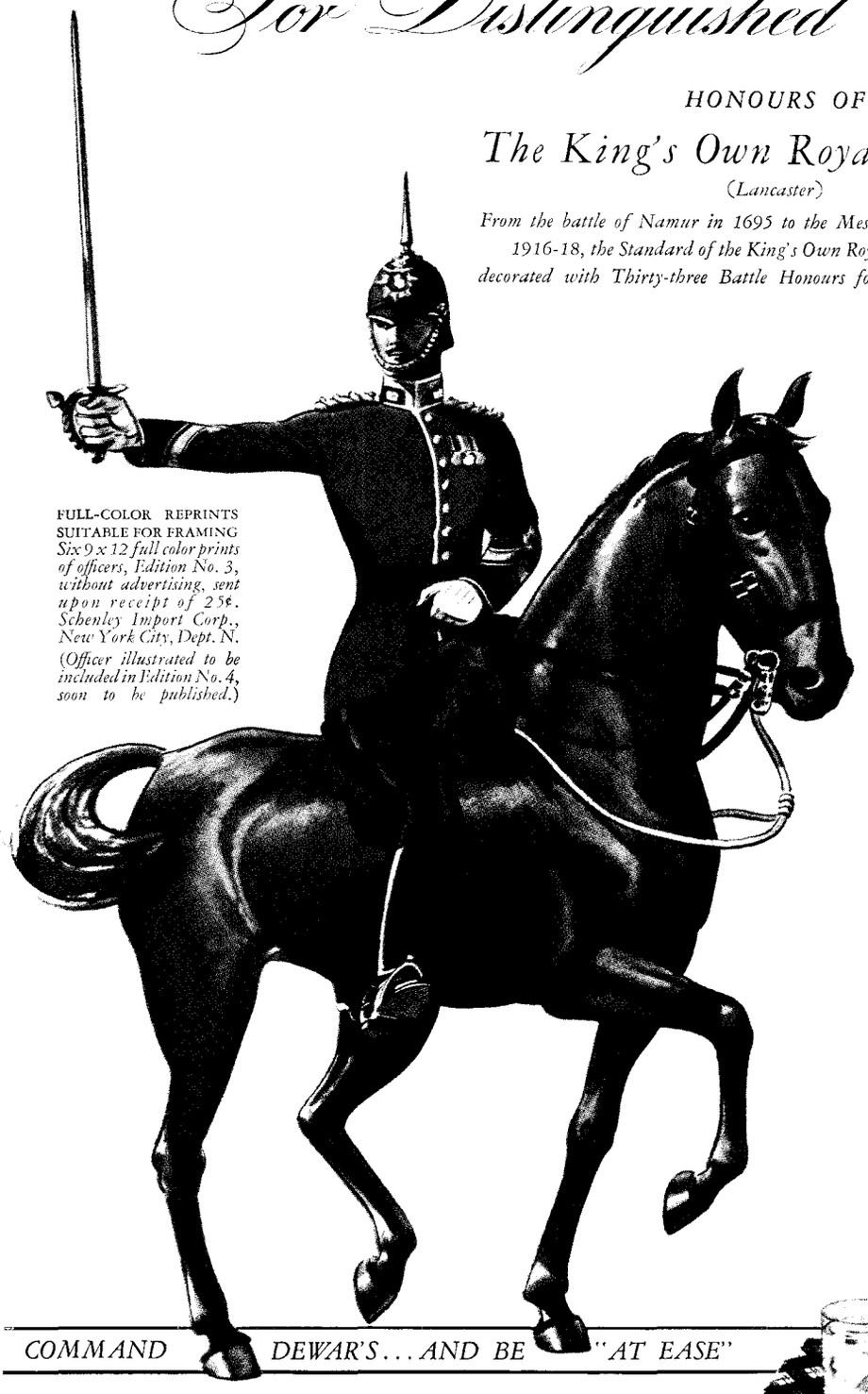

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MURDER SET TO MUSIC, by Harriette R. Campbell. The ghost who plays the piano at night in Glenarach House in Scotland turns out to be someone who is well on his way to being a big success as a murderer, having already dashed off a killing in Egypt. Simon Brade, connoisseur of ceramics, is the reluctant delver. Houseparty atmosphere in a well-written story.

THE PURPLE ONION MYSTERY, by H. Ashbrook. Insouciant is the author's word for Spike Tracy, a brother of the District Attorney of New York County and an amateur ferreter. The insouciance doesn't get in the way of this fast-moving mystery, which begins with a hangover and the discovery of the body of Lina Lee, secretary to Felix Penton, described as a "playboy publisher." Plots within plots in this recommended mystery.

AFTERMATH OF MURDER, by Mary Fitt. Fine-drawn, tragic story of a love and a hatred that live on in an English village for fifty years. The Misses de Boulter have placed a wreath every week for half a century on the tomb which marks the resting place of their father and brother, and the story of an almost forgotten mystery is brought to light in the Vicar's comfortable sitting room. This is a quiet, gentle tale told between cribbage games and at teatime in the pleasant, dusty atmosphere of the vicarage. Very fine indeed.

MURDER DOES LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING, by Minna Bardon. Well, as the fella says, murder strikes again and again at the tenants of Mrs. Meyer's light-housekeeping apartments in New York City. Chummy in a feeble sort of way.

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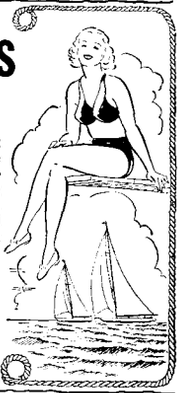

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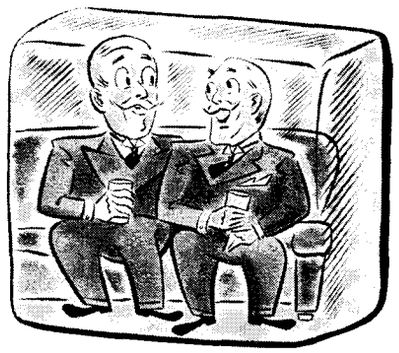

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INVITATION TO LEARNING, by Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate, and Mark Van Doren. Twenty-seven conversations about classic books, based on the C.B.S. radio program "Invitation to Learning." An interesting experiment, and much of it readable.

HONORABLE ENEMY, by Ernest O. Hauser. Ingratiating and authoritative discussion of present-day Japan and the Japanese: a feudal culture rooted in a scarcity economy, industrialization, foreign-trade methods (they're very bright), inflation, the army and navy, and so on. The author thinks the inoculation of Western ideas just didn't take, except on the surface. He is convinced that the Japanese are not yet at the end of their rope, but that war with the United States would be extremely unpopular. Some of the material has appeared in various magazines.

DICTATORS AND DEMOCRATS, edited by Lawrence Fernsworth. Thirty-one interviews with the leading political figures of our time by noted journalists who have talked with them: Arthur Krock on Roosevelt, Dorothy Thompson and H. R. Knickerbocker on Hitler, Jay Allen on Pétain, and so on. An interesting and valuable background book. Some of the articles have already been printed, but many are new.

TROUSERS WILL BE WORN, by C. V. R. Thompson. The author of "I Lost My English Accent" writes his hail-and-farewell to café society, ripping it slowly down the back as he does so. There are also notes on upper-case New York and cafeteria society. If the constant gagging doesn't offend you and if you want to know more about Miss Brenda Frazier (she's really a peach, the author says), then this is for you. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

JASON BURR'S FIRST CASE, by David Kent. Dr. Craig, professor of anthropology at Markham University, goes to the Armitage Museum of American Archeology to have a chat with

"51"
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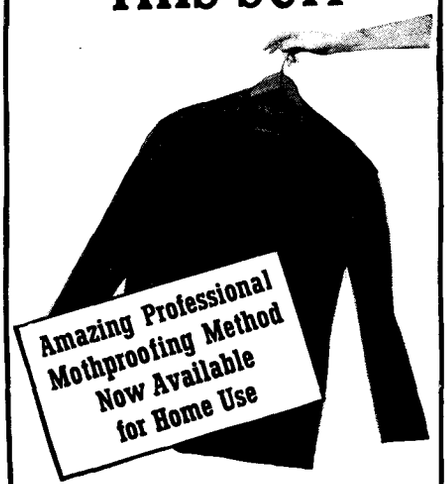

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ing a typhoid epidemic in a remote Mexican village. With very few exceptions, the numerous photographs—stills from a motion picture written by Mr. Steinbeck, directed by Herbert Kline, and acted by Mexican villagers against their own background—are lustrous and handsomely composed. One of the better picture books.

THE HOUSE I KNEW, by Elisabeth Neilson. Sensitive memoir of the author's childhood and youth in a South German town of the eighteen-nineties, in which she recalls the warmhearted gusto and idealism of her own large family and the now-vanished provincial Germany of fairy tales, quince sausages, *Hausmusik*, and almond pretzels. Well written, charming, and substantial.

THAT RASCAL FRENEAU, by Lewis Leary. A careful and sympathetic biography of the first important American poet, a political rebel who failed at everything he undertook but was nevertheless in part responsible for the fact that the Revolution did not degenerate into monarchy.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST, by G. B. Stern. Second portion of the autobiography-at-random that began with "Monogram." The author runs on, often very wittily, about Jane Austen, Copenhagen before Hitler, juvenile reading, the war (not much on this), Hollywood, the writer's trade, poltergeists, and whatnot. She has a touch that nobody else can quite manage.

BELLE STARR, THE BANDIT QUEEN, by Burton Rascoe. Biography of the famous woman outlaw of the Southwest, and a sad comedown for her lethal reputation. The author doesn't believe she ever shot anybody, though she consorted with the Jameses and Daltons and had a well-rounded love life, possibly including incest and sadism. Neatly disentangles the meagre facts from the legend, but the argument about which is which often gets in the way of the story. Contemporary pictures and format.

THE ADMIRABLE TRUMPETER, by Thomas Robson Hay and M. R. Werner. Superior biography of General James Wilkinson, a hard-case early American lampooned by Washington Irving as "an admirable trumpeter" (meaning "blowhard") spoiled to make a general. Starting off in the Revolution, he had a turbulent career as soldier, speculator, intriguer with the Spaniards, Indian fighter, and a commanding officer of the

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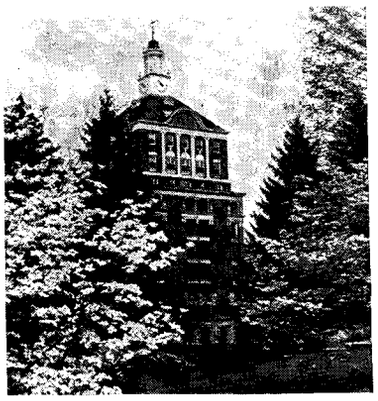

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When it comes time for the girl to choose a husband, the farm gets in the way. Mr. Stong, however, not wishing to search the human soul too impertinently, works everything out happily in the end.

FOOL OF TIME, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. The successful attempt of a young English divorcee to cure herself of a schoolgirl passion for her conservative brother-in-law. Takes place in 1937. Nicely presented family background, with the emphasis more on personal relationships than on current events.

THE REVEREND BEN POOL, by Louis Paul. Mr. Paul's hero is a minister who literally loves everybody. He relinquishes his small-town pastorate and takes up his quarters in a New York boarding house with an odd assortment of people whose business he considers it his duty to mind whether they like it or not. As a matter of fact, they do like it, and each one of them turns out to be better than he looks at first glance. Fine if you don't object to the earnest-missionary type.

CAPTAIN PAUL, by Commander Edward Ellsberg. All about how young Tom Folger of Nantucket, after a spot of whaling, joins up with our most refulgent naval hero, John Paul Jones, and serves with him off Block Island, in his raids on British ports, and in his memorable fight with the Serapis. A long, rousing sea yarn, full of salty detail and ocean battles, though young Folger's eighteenth-century syntax sometimes makes things awkward.

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY, by Frances Eisenberg, illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Delightful short stories about young Joey and his long-suffering mother and sister. Joey is an ingratiating little hellion; he does not want to be treated like a problem child, he balks at taking part in the school play, he collects bottle tops, and —as long as he is permitted to—plays the trumpet. Miss Bacon's illustrations alone are worth the price of admission, but don't miss Joey either.

GENERAL

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE, story by John Steinbeck, photographs by Rosa Harvan Kline and Alexander Hackensmid. Mr. Steinbeck's first book since "The Grapes of Wrath," a dramatic documentary narrative in pictures and captions, showing how the conflict between a traditional Indian healer and the government's men of science impinged on one family dur-

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BOOKS

Thomas Mann—F. O. Matthiessen

"THE TRANSPOSED HEADS," translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter, is a new, brief novel from the pen of Thomas Mann. I suspect that, like "The Beloved Returns," it is the expression of a mood of recreation. It will not, I think, take a place among Mann's major works, short or long.

Apparently the story is based on a legend of ancient India, one of those gruesome tales, all gore and miracles, that make Indian mythology in general unappetizing to our Western taste, brought up on the milder fables of Greece and Rome. The plot of "The Transposed Heads" would have delighted the fanciful temperament of the late Thorne Smith, though he doubtless would have handled it somewhat differently. It concerns the strange fate of a girl and her two lovers, or rather (I'll explain everything later) her four lovers. The girl is Sita and her major attraction lies in the possession of an exceptionally beautiful pair of hips, to the description of which Dr. Mann does full justice. Shridaman, a studious, elegant, physically feeble young Brahman, falls heavily for Sita and her outstanding virtues. His best friend, Nanda, a simple-minded fellow with a godlike physique, helps him to win her as his bride.

Sita, a quick study, soon becomes aware of certain inadequacies of Shridaman and casts a longing eye on Nanda. One day, journeying through a forest, the three stop before the shrine of Kali, Compeller of Sacrifice, one of those unpleasant Indian deities oversupplied with hands and arms. Shridaman enters the shrine. Excited by its bloody atmosphere and depressed by his domestic troubles, he decides to end it all by cutting off his head. This he does. His loyal friend, Nanda, follows him inside, notes the divided Shridaman, and promptly cuts off his own head. Sita, discovering what has been going on and realizing that her curves are undoubtedly responsible for these capital crimes, is about to hang herself when the goddess Kali, to whom all this is just routine business, bids her not to be a softy. Instructed by Kali, Sita attempts to revive the miscellany of young men by fitting the heads to the trunks, but in her confusion (that's what *she* says) she affixes Shridaman's beautiful and intelligent head to Nanda's powerful body and Nanda's commonplace head to Shridaman's mediocre body. After some palaver with the results (for after all, which merger *is* her husband?), she returns home triumphantly with the Shridaman-Nanda (reading from top to bottom) combination, while poor Nanda-Shridaman goes off to become a hermit.

Well, things don't work out as any of the quintet expects it should. What happens is the nub of the story, and perhaps Dr. Mann had better tell it to you himself. The moral, however ("love has to do with the whole"), is hardly a surprise, nor does it require quite as bizarre and complicated a demonstration as Dr. Mann gives it.

"The Transposed Heads" seems to me a not entirely harmonious mixture of satire and dialectics. The dialectics, mainly in the first fifty pages, I found overelaborate; others may find them subtle. The satire, also rather exhaustive, has its points, and at times (especially in the account of the mental processes of an ascetic named Kamadamana) is brilliantly witty. But the effect in general is confusing, for one is not sure whether Dr. Mann is trying to tell a comic-grotesque anecdote or to utter profound parables about the nature of love. If it's the second choice, "The Transposed Heads" is hardly a success; if it's the first, there is no need for all the elaborate argument and philosophizing with which the basically simple narrative is decorated. Nothing Thomas Mann writes can be safely disregarded, but though the heroes' do, "The Transposed Heads" itself doesn't quite come off.

MATCH this half-decade if you can: In 1850 appeared "Representative Men" and "The Scarlet Letter," in 1851 "The House of the Seven Gables" and "Moby Dick," in 1852 "Pierre," in 1854 "Walden," and in 1855 "Leaves of Grass." F. O. Matthiessen would seem justified in calling an American Renaissance the period in which flourished five of our major writers: Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, and Whitman. About these five he has written an enormous book which will, I think, like Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought," be read at first only by literary men and scholars, and then gradually, year by year, slowly seep down into the consciousness of the more casual reader. It is no more a masterpiece than is Parrington's contribution, but it is so full of stimulating judgments, thoughtful insights, and deep scholarship that it cannot fail to affect the way we think about our culture.

"American Renaissance," which is Mr. Matthiessen's title for his research, is not a book of literary essays but a

"I can't tell you how wonderful this is, meeting another Epictetus addict."

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that Wright's houses were first called "dress reform houses"—a precious sidelight which indicates that the removal of the bustle and the corset and the manifold petticoat went logically along with his opening up of window space, the breaking down of partitions, and the removal of the triple layer of curtaining that once screened the American home from light.

When he is talking about nature, when he is finding a new beauty in the rocks or the vegetation of some little-known region, interpreting its values for architectural form, Wright is at his supreme best. To read Wright on Arizona and South Dakota is to find a fresh reason for being an American. Enough if I say that this book is of the same order as Whitman's "Democratic Vistas," the fruition of a brilliant individual life and the seed of a better life to come.

AFTER remaining on the high level of Giedion's historical criticism and Wright's contemporary challenges, you may like to climb down to earth again by reading "Architecture in Old Chicago," by the late Thomas E. Tallmadge. Even so, you will not be very far away from Wright or Giedion, for the Chicago Tallmadge tells about was the capital city of the New American architecture, and though Tallmadge was not an acute critic, he was familiar with the personalities and the material remains of the great days of Chicago architecture. By now even a New Yorker should know that all the fundamental experiments in both the aesthetics and the technics of the skyscraper were worked out in Chicago between 1883 and 1893. If he doesn't, it is high time that he learned. When the history of American architecture comes finally to be written, the material in Tallmadge's little book—left unfinished, alas, at his death—will be important.

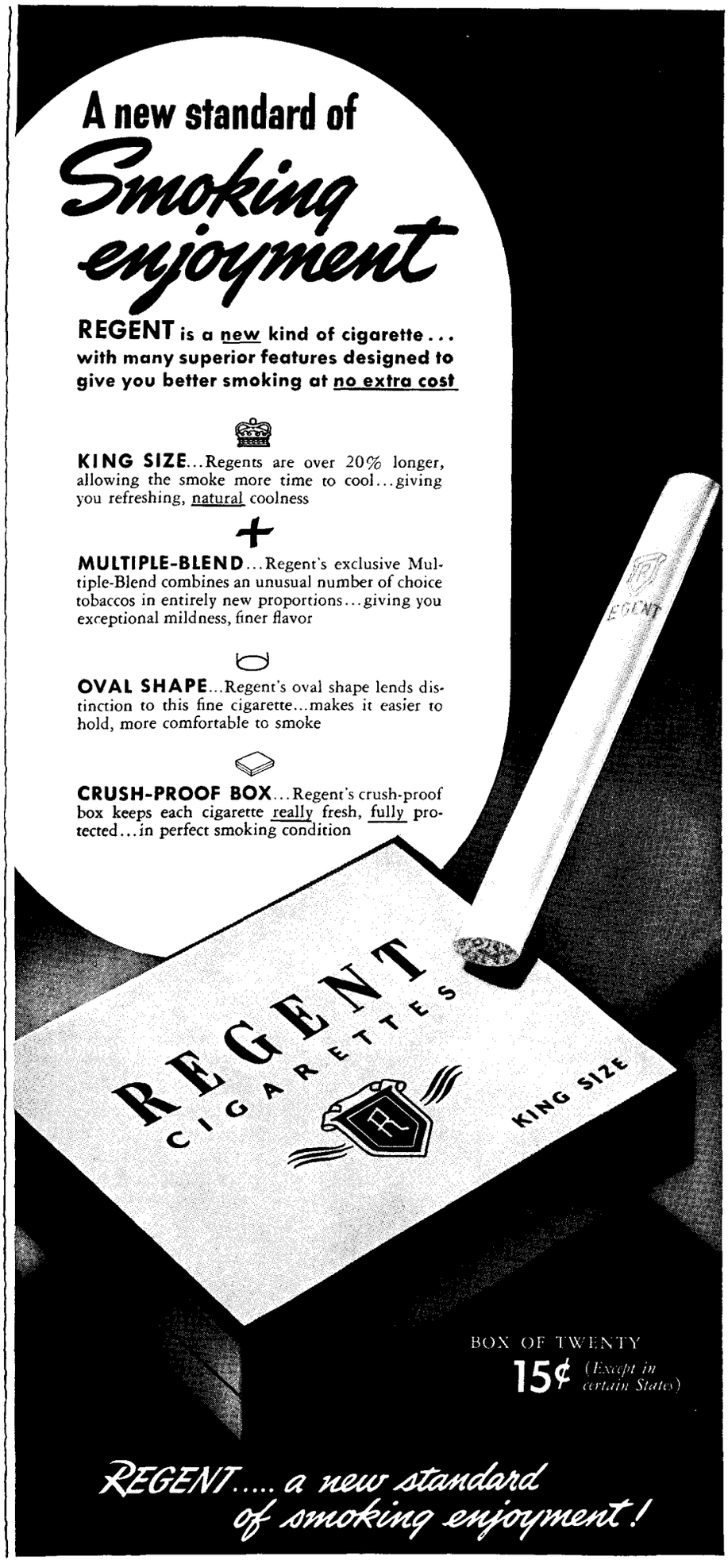
—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

FLORAL TRIBUTE

Pansies come
As pansies go;
Who plucks the pansies
So they'll grow,
Who kindles
The immortal spark
Of pansies
In each city park,
Who labors deftly,
Sight unseen,
Who plays the god
From the machine?

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES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3
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P. L. Travers
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The thrilling story of a young English evacuee. "Funny and touching and altogether delightful."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Illus. $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

➡ Four printings in five days
WHISTLE STOP
The new Avery Hopwood Prize Novel
By MARITTA M. WOLFF
449 PAGES, $2.50
A RANDOM HOUSE HIT

carefully reasoned study in interrelations. The author traces with great particularity the connections between Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne, between Melville and Hawthorne, between Whitman and the New England group. He traces lines backward, too—the line that connects the Transcendentalists with the seventeenth-century poets, the line from Shakespeare to Melville. He is no less fruitful in his account of the descendants of his five subjects, a good example being his analysis of the line Hawthorne-Henry James-T. S. Eliot. Mr. Eliot, by the way, seems to be treated as if he were the predestined culmination of English literature, an error in proportion whose like is not easily discoverable elsewhere in Mr. Matthiessen's book.

Especially fruitful is the constant reference to other arts. The art of the daguerreotype and the *plein-air* painting of W. S. Mount and Thomas Eakins are both studied in connection with similar developments in the art of writing. In somewhat the same manner, Mr. Matthiessen relates oratory to Emerson, showing how the man's conception of his own purpose in life was influenced by Webster.

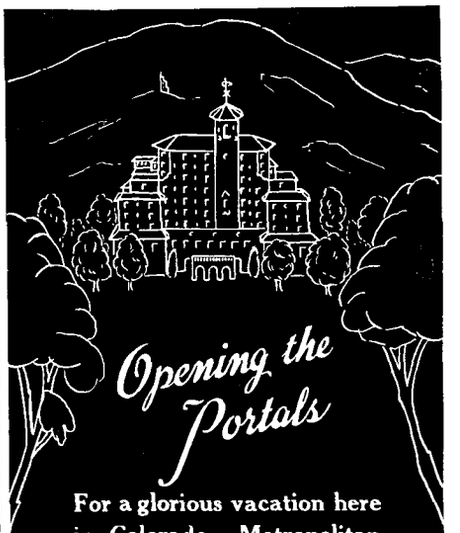
The author's chief concern is with evaluating these writers as artists and men and in demonstrating how their particular humanity and their notions of themselves as writers are connected. He is also interested in analyzing their common devotion "to the possibilities of democracy," and at this point, I think, his argument is feeble. Finally he uses his myriad insights into certain books to project some "basic formulations about the nature of literature." These formulations are mainly concerned with the nature of myth and the manner in which symbols of enduring appeal are created and re-created by the literary imagination.

Mr. Matthiessen writes well but very solemnly and seems virtually devoid of humor. His book is without charm and, I should say, of great importance in its field. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PRINCESS, by Phil Stong. Clever and entertaining story about an Iowa girl who just can't help being a farmer. Orphaned at birth, she is reared by her older brother and the hired man, who think what is sensible in the upbringing of a calf ought to work well with a girl baby too: Keep 'em clean, feed 'em right, don't scare 'em.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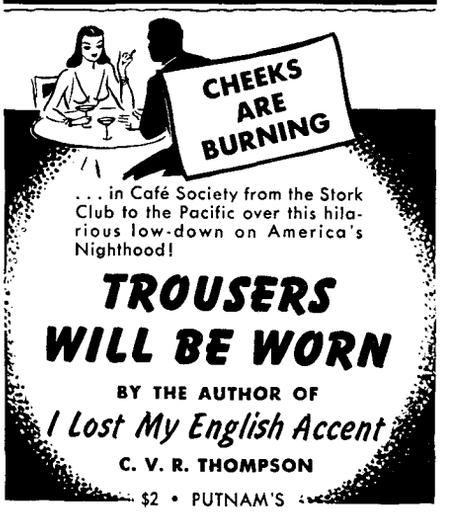

. . . in Café Society from the Stork Club to the Pacific over this hilarious low-down on America's Nighthood!
TROUSERS WILL BE WORN
BY THE AUTHOR OF
I Lost My English Accent
C. V. R. THOMPSON
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"Will you read this book on our say-so?"

Clifton Fadiman

famous interlocutor of "Information, Please!", who is also famous as the Literary Editor of *The New Yorker*.

Sinclair Lewis

winner of the Nobel Prize, author of books like *Main Street, Arrowsmith* and *Babbitt*, which today are already considered classics.

Carl Van Doren

wrote the best-selling biography of *Benjamin Franklin*. He is also editor of the famous *Cambridge History of American Literature*.

Alexander Woollcott

famous as America's Town Crier, author of *While Rome Burns*. Mr. Woollcott frequently has called your attention to good books.

THIS is not really one book, it is a trilogy of novels. This trilogy was written by Henry Handel Richardson. Now, Henry Handel Richardson is not a man. She is a woman, an English woman, who has written a trilogy of novels which form one of the most enjoyable literary works of the twentieth century. It is a trilogy of novels which is generally considered one of the great works of literature of our time.

The first of these novels was called *Australia Felix*, and it appeared in 1917. Its publication was as quiet as the dropping of a pebble in an ocean. Then she issued a novel called *The Way Home*. But this novel also proved to be a pebble, dropped in the same ocean.

When the final volume of the trilogy, *Ultima Thule*, was published, The Book-of-the-Month Club was in existence. That Club's judges seized upon *Ultima Thule* as one of their earliest selections, and the book was sent to about fifty thousand subscribers at its issue price of $2.50. After twenty-one years of discouragement, Henry Handel Richardson had become a best-seller!

Was this trilogy born to blush unseen?

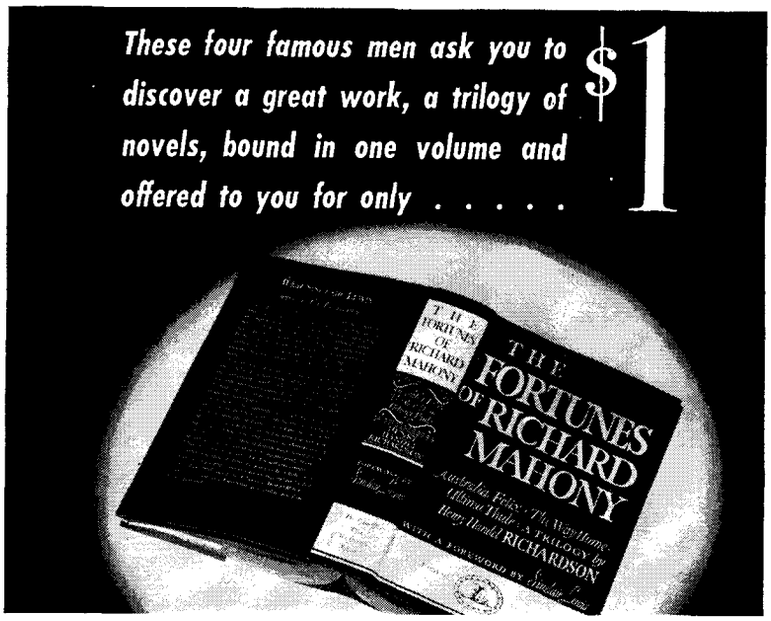
WELL, YOU have heard of CLIFTON FADIMAN, you have heard of ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, you have heard of SINCLAIR LEWIS and you have heard of CARL VAN DOREN. You may not yet have learned the exciting news, that these four men have decided to organize themselves as the Selecting Committee of The Readers Club. They have announced that they will arrange to re-publish, through The Readers Club, just such books as these three novels which form Henry Handel Richardson's great trilogy.

These men are among this country's most famous, most admired men-of-letters. They are prodigious readers. They often admire books which do not come to the attention of the reading public.

This fact bothers them. If *you* are part of the reading public, they do their best to find you: to tell you about these admirable and entertaining books. *Lost Horizon*, for one example, was dozing upon its publisher's shelves, until ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT told you about it over the radio. *Of Human Bondage* was little known for years after its first publication, until CARL VAN DOREN joined with a few others in telling you about it.

Here is their new discovery!

THE TRILOGY of novels about Richard Mahony has been known to these men for years. It has been known to others, of course. Of it, *The Saturday Review of Literature* said: "It is the soundest accomplishment of English fiction in the twentieth century, on a level with, if not higher than, Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles."


These four famous men ask you to discover a great work, a trilogy of novels, bound in one volume and offered to you for only $1
THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY
Australia Felix · The Way Home · Ultima Thule · A TRILOGY by Henry Handel RICHARDSON

Yet it is little known!

HOW DOES it come about, that you have not heard of this trilogy of novels? Well, it often happens. Sometimes a good book does not receive enough advertising and publicity. Sometimes a good book is published at a time when catastrophic world events overshadow its publication.

But these four famous men have now organized The Readers Club to save good books from oblivion, to help you to *discover* these good books which were NOT born to blush unseen. The Readers Club plans to issue a new edition of one such book each month, and to distribute these new editions to the members of the Club at a cost of only one dollar each.

So the trilogy of novels about Richard Mahony have been grouped together now under the title of THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY. This month, copies of this book are being distributed to the members of the Club.

The book contains nearly one thousand pages. It has been designed by W. A. DWIGGINS, one of America's most famous designers of books; the entire text is set in new type and printed from new plates, on a paper of good quality, and staunchly bound in blue linen stamped with aluminum leaf.

There are 75,000 copies!

THE READERS CLUB is already a pronounced success. The first book was distributed in March. Although only 40,000 copies could be printed, nearly 50,000 members joined up.

The second book was distributed in April. Although only 50,000 could be printed, there were nearly 60,000 members at the time of publication.

THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY is the third book published for the members of the Club, and 75,000 copies have been printed. If you want to have one of them, you should apply for a membership immediately.

How you may become a member:

YOU ARE urged to enroll yourself now as a member of The Readers Club. You will then receive a copy of THE READER (edited by CARL VAN DOREN, designed by W. A. DWIGGINS) containing articles and essays of general interest, and a reprint of SINCLAIR LEWIS' splendid introduction to THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY; and a description of next month's publication.

You are not obligated to accept or keep any of the books. If any of the Club's publications does not seem the kind of book which will interest you, you may reject it in advance. Or, even after you get the book, you may return it if you do not like it. You therefore pay for each book with which you are satisfied. If, however, you do not buy six books within one year, we cannot afford to keep you in the membership, and we will find it necessary to drop your name.

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THE SKY LINE

The Architecture of Power

"A NEW architecture, bold as the engineering from which it springs, is rising in the valley. . . . Look at it, and be proud that you are an American." Those fine words by Stuart Chase stand at the entrance of the exhibition of TVA architecture at the Museum of Modern Art (it closes this Sunday), and they sum up admirably my feeling about the work that is on view. In these dams and power stations the largely unconscious precedents of our grain elevators and storage warehouses and coalbins reach the final mark of a conscious aesthetic expression. The photographs and models are excellent, but the actual buildings, as I saw them recently in their natural setting of hill and woodland and quarry and boat basin and river, are even more breathtaking than the photographs indicate. These structures are as close to perfection as our age has come.

There is something in the mere cant of a dam, when seen from below, that makes one think of the Pyramids of Egypt. Both pyramid and dam represent an architecture of power. But the difference is notable, too, and should make one prouder of being an American. The first grew out of slavery and celebrated death. Ours was produced by free labor to create energy and life for the people of the United States. Thanks to these dams, the colossal forces of the Tennessee River are held back or released almost as easily as one turns the water on and off at one's private faucet, and instead of wasted water, there is an abundance of electricity. Aren't we entitled to a little collective strutting and crowing? Though the whole staff of the TVA gets credit for the architectural success of these buildings, Mr. Roland Wank, the chief architect, deserves to be hauled out of his seat to take a bow. He would deserve it if only for the masterful way in which he has used concrete.

Engineers and architects have used concrete for a long time without thinking of anything better to do with it than to sheathe it in stone, as the Romans did, or else to rub away every last vestige of texture in the surface. Wank strove for a new effect; instead of obliterating the delicate pattern impressed in the concrete by the grain of the wood in the rectangular forms into which the concrete was poured, he made the effect all the bolder by contrasting horizontal with vertical patterns. The result is handsome, comparable to what Eliel and Eero Saarinen achieved in the new Buffalo Music Hall by using a facing of stone, and, needless to say, it is the most economic treatment possible.

While the Hiwassee Dam is perhaps the most striking work of pure engineering that the TVA has done, the generator building at Guntersville, Alabama, looks extremely good. The interior is finished in tile, both walls and floor, and the outside of the main structure is done in brick, with a great rectangular panel of glass set off in a simple brick frame, above which the name "Guntersville" appears in bold letters. There is not a superfluous touch in this whole structure, and the architect's high achievement with tile and brick shows that the success of the other buildings is no mere fluke of engineering and is not due only to a happy trick in employing certain materials.

The only criticism I have to make of this show is that it was too modestly conceived. Lack of space, if nothing else, confined it to the main structures in the Tennessee Valley and made it impossible sufficiently to indicate the architectonic treatment of the whole landscape. In modern architecture, not merely are the interior and the exterior equally important but the individual unit and the plan of the whole must be conceived as one. I can think of no better example of this partnership than the structures of the TVA. Here is modern architecture at its mightiest and its best. The Pharaohs did not do any better.

THE most important things that have happened in American architecture during the last month or so are three books. This is an event even rarer than the building of a skyscraper, for our architectural history and criticism have lagged a long way behind practice. Because of that, our practice has been more smug and provincial than it need have been.

Siegfried Giedion's "Space, Time, and Architecture: The Growth of a New Tradition" has been put out in a most sumptuous format, and it is a very exciting piece of work. The book derives from the Norton lectures this Zurich critic and historian gave at Harvard in 1938 and 1939. Many of its illustrations and some exceedingly interesting data, however, came out of research in the history of American architecture which Giedion did after he came over here, and there is no one, no matter how well informed about the modern movement, who will not be stimulated and occasionally made rather starry-eyed by the pictures of a developing world, creating new symbols for a new consciousness of nature and man, that Giedion presents.

The weakest part of Giedion's book is his handling of modern city development, particularly his failure to understand the historic significance or the future importance of Ebenezer Howard's conception of the garden city. In a book that stresses the social side of modern architecture, this is a serious blind spot. But apart from this, Giedion has done a good job. His emphasis on the social, the personal, and the human makes it as decisive a departure from the standpoint of Le Corbusier's "Vers une Architecture" as that in turn was a departure from the commonplaces of the traditionalists. Giedion sees that our main problem is "to humanize—that is, to reabsorb emotionally—what has been created by the spirit. All talk about organizing and planning is vain when it is not possible to create again the whole man, unfractured in his methods of thinking and feeling."

THE doctrine that underlies Giedion's book is one that Frank Lloyd Wright has been preaching and practicing his entire life, and never more vocally, never more visibly, than during the last decade. But Wright's pronouncements on architecture had never been brought together and many of them have long been inaccessible, so we owe a special debt to Frederick Gutheim for collecting and collating them in an admirable book, "Frank Lloyd Wright on Architecture: Selected Writings, 1894-1940."

The book begins with a speech by Wright on architecture and the machine given in 1894 and ends with a dinner talk at Hull House. The very first words are characteristic and could not be improved: "The more true culture a man has, the more significant his environment becomes to him." The color of Wright's personality, the wide range of his mind, his healthy aplomb, his deeply moral feeling about life and art are all visible in these pages. These pronouncements and challenges, these reports and jottings and memoranda are an indispensable part of America's cultural history. One learns, for example,

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Candle to Kern

THANKS be to God these days for Jerome Kern and memories of Marilyn Miller, though it is but a simple and rather awkward revision of "Sunny" which brings them to us now. Familiar Mardi Gras fidgetings, the romance of a millionaire playboy and a circus lady, the comic snob antics of rich relatives, and the ingenuous playfulness of clowns, animal trainers, and lovable roustabouts demand more attention than one is entirely inclined to give them. Plot trouble, the bane of musical shows, the blight that paralyzes the airiest of fanciful concoctions, adds considerable tonnage to an item which should be as light as a feather. Some competent comedians, especially Helen Westley and Edward Everett Horton, jog up the stagy humor when they are given a chance, and Ray Bolger every now and again, to the pleasure of the audience, spins out from the sidelines and curvets about like a gigantic and disciplined gnat. John Carroll sings agreeably, and modestly enacts the rôle of the enamored and solvent young lover. Anna Neagle, in the title rôle, is not personally responsible for one's recollections of Marilyn Miller. Especially in the close, enlarged studies of Miss Neagle's countenance, of which there are naturally many, do we feel that there is character, an indomitable force, an executive temperament composed of many stern and rigorous qualities not entirely looked for in the leading lady of a musical comedy. That interlude in her long career of dancing and singing in which she dedicated herself to the life of Queen Victoria may have left its mark. It is difficult to believe she could ever be volatile or capricious, or that a young man would not be wary at once of that purposeful jaw. The Kern melodies, however, survive it all, and in them we find the charm and delicacy which we want and which the treatment of the film can't obscure.

OF the other films, even the one comedy is smirched with grimness. There is certainly something grim in the story of a shopgirl who comes into a million and gives it away, just throws the nasty bills into the gutter, so that she may live upon the salary of a lover who happens to be a piano player of no marked talent. This lugubrious history is the basic framework of "Million Dollar Baby," an adjustment of the Cinderella theme which, I suspect, will give most taxpayers the creeps. May Robson represents the capitalist class, with its ever-ready instinct to dole out an odd million to penniless waifs, and Priscilla Lane is the waif, that strange phantom of fiction who finds wealth only a burden. With more hardfisted farce to swing it along, "Million Dollar Baby" might yet have been satisfactory nonsense for a warmish night, but as it is, it is slack and tepid stuff.

Badly cut, perhaps, or just feebly thought out, "Shining Victory," an A. J. Cronin story, runs us through a series of agonies and tragic conclusions centring about the career of a psychiatrist. Most of the action takes place in a glum Scottish castle, one being utilized as a sanitarium. Intramural squabbles among the doctors dominate the scene, and a somewhat inexplicable jealousy precipitates a climax. James Stephenson and Geraldine Fitzgerald undertake the problems of the murky leading rôles, and they play them suitably and with what conviction the loose handling of the narrative allows them. The film is one of some pretensions, which a hurried or injudicious approach bleakly defeats. . . . Of no pretensions, except to simple entertainment, "Washington Melodrama" trundles along in the paths of the philandering and the blackmailed. A rich philanthropist (Frank Morgan) occupied with a feed-Europe bill incidentally becomes involved with a night-club girl, a frail thing seen first in a mermaid costume—scales, fins, and the like. The idyllic acquaintanceship comes to the notice of a scamp, who tries to cash in on it and whose baleful intentions lead to murder and almost to a public scandal and the defeat of the feed-Europe bill. The involved predicament is smoothed out at last, leaving us no more informed than we were in the beginning about life in the nation's capital, though possibly a bit more uneasy. —JOHN MOSHER

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[From the Buffalo Evening News]

IDENTITY is the Surprise Word of the Week. In a recent experiment, a university class of 26 speech students was given this word to pronounce. The tally was 27 mispronunciations, for the instructor also muffed it.

The word should be pronounced: "id-DEN-nuh-tee."

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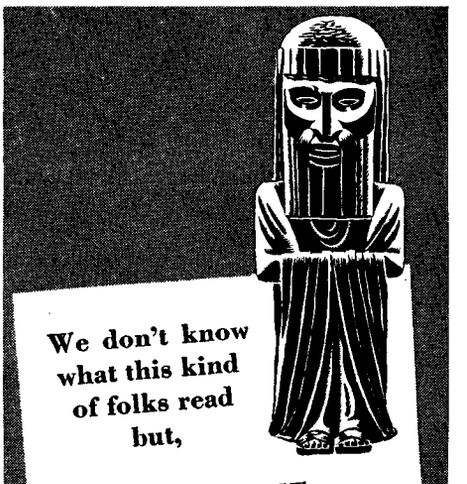

We don't know what this kind of folks read but,

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND READ THE

Atlantic

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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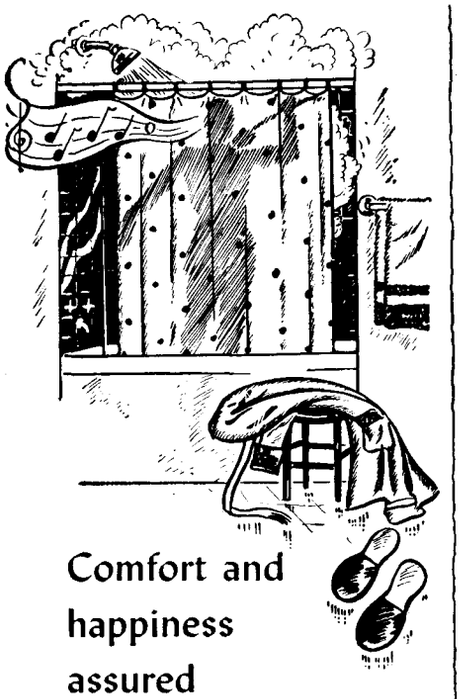

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with whether or not we will go to war as though we have an option, kidding ourselves that we can temporize with a united, capable, ruthless world-combination aligned against us put curve balls in the shade, but a revelation, if there is to be one, might help us to think straight about more important things.

Yours very truly,
RAY D. LILLIBRIDGE

32 HOBART STREET,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
MAY 22, 1941

TO THE EDITORS:

MY father read and muttered over Mr. R. W. Madden's May 14th letter about baseball. It set him remembering how Tommy Bond proved that it is possible to pitch a curved ball.

"It was in the eighties," he said. "I can't say exactly what year. There'd been a lot of talk about the impossibility of pitching a curved ball. Scientists said it couldn't be done, but Tommy Bond, pitcher for the Boston club—there was only one then—said he'd give them a demonstration to end the controversy once for all. So he drove stakes into the ground on a straight line and pitched a ball around them that everybody there could see. The exhibition must have been convincing, because the argument disappeared from the newspapers and died."

Maybe this bit of baseball history would ease some of the fans who're sure to be hurt by the heresy of Mr. Madden's old acquaintance.

Sincerely,
LUCY STANTON

•

SELF-ASSERTION

Reckless drivers are usually persons with an inferiority complex, says Dr. Frantz B. Erwin, a psychiatrist.—*The Times.*

Psychopathic at the wheel,
Hearken, please, to the appeal
Of us drivers who, forgiving
Though we are, delight in living.

Granted that there's nothing drearier
Than to feel yourself inferior
To the common run of man,
Don't you really think you can
Find some seldom-travelled road
Where your psyche may explode,
And obligingly contrive,
When you're bothered by your ego,
To let Uncle Arthur drive
On the thoroughfares where we go?

—RICHARD ARMOUR

It's great to skate at Rockefeller Plaza, on New York's Outdoor Roller Rink . . . glorious fun, grand for the figure! Bring your skatemate, too. 4 sess. daily. Adm. (inc. shoe-skates, checking, tax) Morn: 11:30-2:00, 50c; Aft. 2:30-5:00, 50c (Sats., Suns., Hols. morn. & aft. 75c). All eves: 5:30-8:00, 75c; 8:30-11:00, 88c. Music. Instruction. CI 6-5800.

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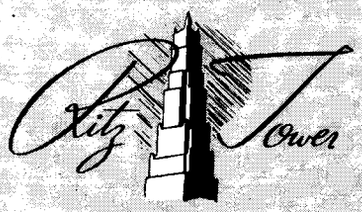

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB,
NEW YORK CITY
MAY 23, 1941

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

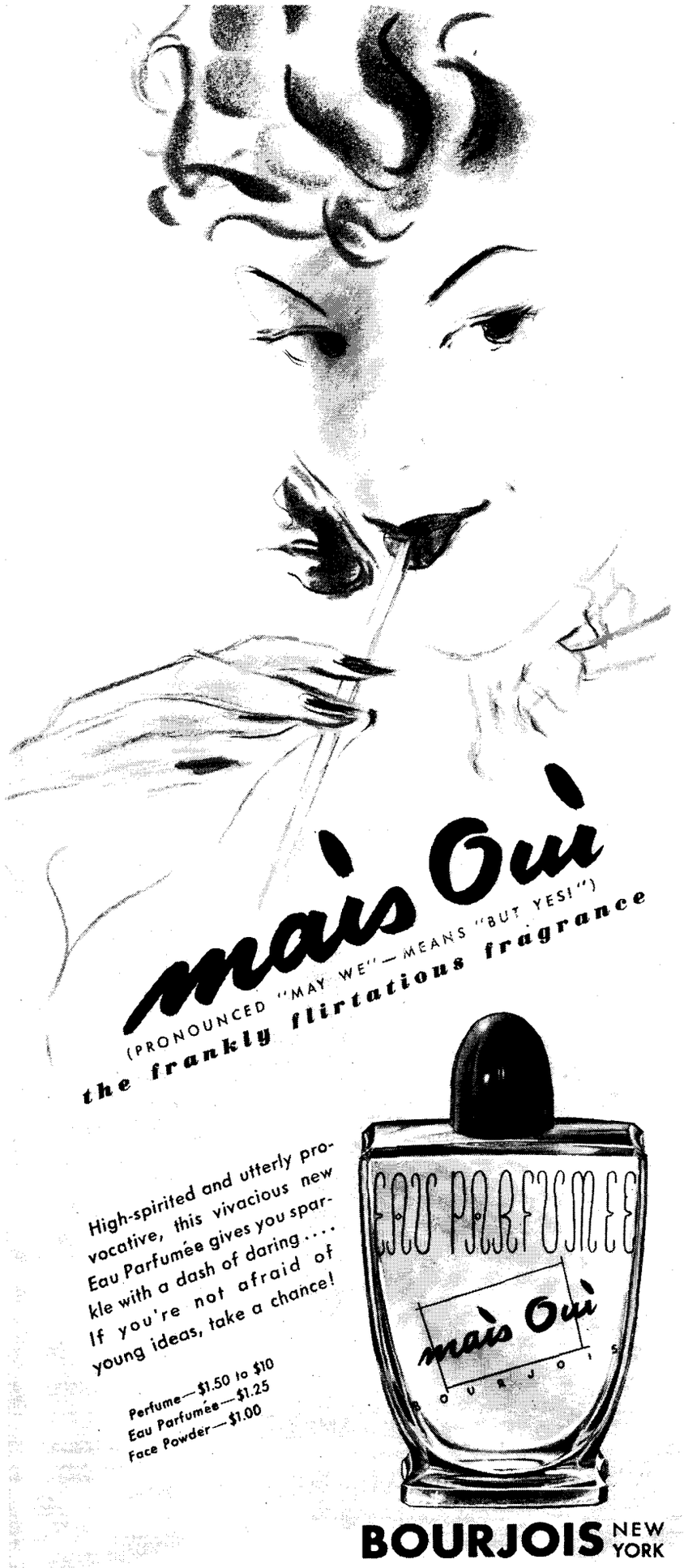
THE circulation given by you to Mr. Madden's intensely interesting letter in your current issue probably will lead to a scientific determination of whether or not a pitched ball actually curves. I hope you won't drop the subject unsettled.

Meanwhile the following may be interesting: At an electrical convention at Atlantic City many years ago, attended by the great men of the industry (Mr. Edison was there, though not a party to the following), one of the entertainments was a baseball game between the star teams of the industry—the N. Y. Edison and the General Electric, I think. Henry Dougherty acted as umpire.

A controversy between engineering minds on the subject in hand led to a demonstration; two stakes painted black were accurately placed in a straight line between the pitcher's box and the plate. Balls were thrown which seemed to go to the right of one stake and to the left of the other. We left the ball field with apparently everybody convinced, but I recall one man maintaining, like Mr. Madden's conferee, that we were hypnotized, that the human eye could not detect which side of a stake an object of the size of a baseball travelling at that speed had passed.

After that, and especially since reading Mr. Madden's letter, I wonder if optical illusion, magic, is the answer. If the twirling ball seems to the batter to be where it ain't, is not the result the same? Certainly the fact, if it is a fact, detracts nothing from the spectator's enjoyment.

Human gullibility, believing what we want to believe, decrying actualities if they disturb our contentment, toying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seum of Modern Art (one of the Coffee Concerts, you may recall, was a dress rehearsal, with piano, for the Town Hall "4 Saints"). Miss Crane's Coffee Concert last week was a "South American Panorama," starring Miss Elsie Houston and featuring the Grupo Incaico, the Haitian Rada Group, and Miss Belle Rosette. Some of the visitors may have expected terribly primitive revelations, but the event was no more aboriginal than a good floor show. Miss Houston sang with her usual expertness and ease, and the Grupo and the Group played guitars, a pipe, and assorted drums like people who had been doing that sort of thing capably for years. There also was a spot of dancing, in which a few bumps were bumped. For voodoo doings, there was an effective stretch by Miss Houston and the Group, to candlelight.

Miss Belle Rosette added to the evening's diversions a Calypso song that began with international topicality and ended with something about Bach and Toscanini discussing Calypso music. I hear that Calypso singers can make up their ditties as they go along, and maybe it would be refreshing to have a Calypso critic at concerts to discuss the goings-on. You might be hearing something like this in the intermission of a violin recital:

Mr. Schmalzo play Handel suite.
He think he play it good and neat.
He think he play with Joe Louis power,
But second movement, friends, was
terrible sour.

Confidentially, manufacturing Calypso lyrics isn't so simple as one might expect. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "Robert's Rules of Order, Revised," Article V, Section 29*]

The previous question, before any vote has been taken under it, may be reconsidered, but not after its partial execution. As no one would vote to reconsider the vote ordering the previous question who was not opposed to the previous question, it follows that if the motion to reconsider prevails, it will be impossible to secure a two-thirds vote for the previous question, and, therefore, if it is voted to reconsider the previous question it is considered as rejecting that question and placing the business as it was before the previous question was moved. If a vote taken under the previous question is reconsidered before the previous question is exhausted, there can be no debate or amendment of the proposition; but if the reconsideration is after the previous question is exhausted, then the motion to reconsider, as well as the question to be reconsidered, is divested of the previous question and is debatable.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

4 Sts. and Calypso

SEVEN years after its original production, "4 Saints in 3 Acts" was revived in Town Hall last week, and the opera proved to be just as striking as most of us said it was back in 1934. The revival was something like an animated oratorio; there was no scenery or action, and the cellophane-trimmed costumes that wooed and wowed the trade in the old days had been replaced by robes for the chorus, formal evening dress for the Commere, the Compere, St. Ignatius, and St. Chavez, and staid gowns of bombazine for St. Theresa I and St. Theresa II. (All right, if that black material wasn't bombazine, it looked the way bombazine ought to look.) The performance wasn't, however, a straight stand-up-and-sing affair, because the vocalists tossed in a good deal more facial expression and gesture than you'd get at an oratorio, and these adjuncts to singing were natural, unpremeditated, and helpful.

Glancing back at the *The New Yorker's* report of the opera in 1934, I found that my review could stand as an estimate of the latest production of "4 Saints." I still am not hep to Miss Gertrude Stein's text, and I still think that Virgil Thomson's music is distinguished in its charm, wit, invention, and brilliant prosody. The absence of stage business in the revival may have slowed up an occasional passage; except for these few lags, it was a novelty that retained its novelty.

The original Negro cast, conducted, as seven years ago, by Alexander Smallens, evidently hadn't aged in the interval, nor, for that matter, had Mr. Smallens. The presence of the orchestra on the stage blurred some of the vocal passages, but most of the words were distinct, even to those to whom they were not entirely comprehensible. It isn't necessary to distribute individual nosegays to the principals, all of whom were exactly right for their assignments, but a special bouquet belongs to Abner Dorsey, who sang the Compere with a pugnacious reverence that made his contribution extra entertaining.

"4 SAINTS" was presented by Miss Louise Crane, who also arranges the popular Coffee Concerts at the Mu-

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ONE OF SOUR
(One part fresh Lime Juice)
TWO OF SWEET
(Two parts sugar)
THREE OF STRONG
(Three parts Myers's Fine Jamaica Rum)
FOUR OF WEAK
(Four parts ice and water)

Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Serve very cold in a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a cherry.

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demonstration of why Paul Runyan's fellow-professionals call him Little Poison. Runyan, who couldn't come within forty yards of any of the other fourteen players in the field on a full drive, won twenty-six more holes than he lost and so wound up that many points to the good to take first place, while Jimmy Thomson, who can drive a ball perhaps a hundred yards farther than Runyan can, finished in last place with minus twenty-three points. Runyan frequently had to play full wood approach shots, in contrast to his opponents, who were able to use No. 4 or No. 5 irons, but his long approaches were generally more accurate than the comparatively short ones of the others. His putting, as always, was superb.

By the way, Runyan was one of those mentioned here a couple of weeks back in support of my argument that most golfers would putt better if they changed putters four or five times a season. In the Goodall, Runyan was using a putter with three half-inch holes drilled from the back almost through to the face of the club head and with a handle which resembled the blade of a miniature canoe paddle. He gripped it with his left hand on the top of the paddle and his right about eight inches down the shaft, producing a stroke that was a fair imitation of a suburbanite sweeping off his sidewalk.

YOU probably know that Gene Sarazen owns and operates a 200-acre dairy farm in Brookfield, Connecticut, but you may not have heard that he has recently become part owner and president of the Lakeview Country Club in Tuckahoe. For a farmer and a businessman, he remains a pretty good golfer. He tied for second in the Goodall and a day or two later he and P. Hal Sims, the bridge-and-poker man, won an amateur-pro event at the Sands Point Club in Port Washington with a best-ball score of 60, eleven under par. Sarazen, by the way, played the last twelve holes in just forty strokes. —P. W. W.

•

J. Walter Rubin received a telegram from Major Harold Buckley telling of his exoneration in Washington of the charge of killing a defense. The Major has many taxi driver, whom he struck in self- friends in Hollywood who will be glad to hear the news. That's all today. See you tomorrow!—*Louella Parsons in the Baltimore News-Post.*

Ta, ta.

And in the Latin American vogue —the music of Gus Martel and his "Gauchos"

The VIENNESE ROOF
(Air-Conditioned)
presents Hal Saunders & his orchestra
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TEE AND GREEN

Texas and Flushing

APPARENTLY everything is larger in Texas than anywhere else. Marvin Leonard, the Texan who built and owns the Colonial Country Club course at Fort Worth, where the National Open Championship is being played this week, virtually carved it out of a pecan forest, and Webster, as people down there have been known to observe, gives even the pecan special credit for "attaining great size in Texas." Leonard, who always thinks in terms of great size, decided last winter that Fort Worth was the only logical place for the 1941 Open and flew at once to New York, where he called upon officials of the United States Golf Association. He assured them that a minimum of forty thousand Texans, all sizeable enough, would turn out to see the event at his club and, to back up his assertion, offered them a check for $25,000 as a guarantee of paid admissions. Since no Open has ever attracted more than twenty-eight thousand (the attendance at Minneapolis in 1930), it took Leonard something less than half an hour to beguile the Yankees who run the U.S.G.A. into telling him he could tear up his check (spectators have to pay from $1.10 to $1.65 to see the show) and take this year's free-for-all back to Texas with him.

If Leonard had needed any further argument to convince the Northerners of the soundness of his reasoning, he could have pointed out that Texans are exceptionally interested in the accomplishments of their native sons and that eight of the principal contenders in this year's championship are Lone Star products—Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, Ralph Guldahl, Ray and Lloyd Mangrum, Harry Cooper, Dick Metz, and Jimmy Demaret. Incidentally, you could do worse than to risk a little something on Hogan if you can get the 20-to-1 odds I've heard mentioned.

THE Goodall Round Robin tournament at the Fresh Meadow Country Club in Flushing proved fairly conclusively that it doesn't necessarily take a powerful hitter to play a long course successfully. It was also an excellent

AMERICA'S FIRST AND FAVORITE

Cold jellied Consommé

The Madrilène that ALWAYS jells perfectly . . . just chill and serve.

NO wonder White Rose Madrilène is the smartest of first courses for hot weather meals. It is the *original* cold jellied consommé . . . the consommé with the sparkling, clear, tomato-red color . . . the consommé with the zestful, refreshing flavor. You need never worry about the jelling qualities of White Rose Madrilène either. Just chill and serve. It is *one* cold jellied consommé that always jells to tender, delicious perfection. To avoid disappointment, be sure to get genuine White Rose Madrilène. Ask for it by name.

Perfection Salad

Cooling as a summer shower. *Recipe:* Chill can of White Rose Madrilène until thickened. Add ¼ cup cucumber (grated and pressed dry of all juice) and ¼ cup very thinly sliced red radishes. Chill until quite thick, then pile high in sherbet glasses, to serve. Or, chill in mold until set. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Ask your grocer for WHITE ROSE MADRILÈNE today. Also, for variety, WHITE ROSE CONSOMMÉ ARCTIQUE, the beef consommé, and WHITE ROSE CHICKEN CONSOMMÉ. Keep all three on hand in your refrigerator. They all jell perfectly *every* time.

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OUT OF TOWN

Chichen Itzá to Ketchikan

IF you have yet to make your first trip to Mexico and are dallying with the idea of making it this summer, you'll be reassured to know that it is as easy to get there these days by boat, plane, train, or even by car as it is difficult to pronounce the names of the places you may want to see once you arrive. First off, no passport is required; all you need is a tourist card, which costs a dollar and can be picked up at any travel agency or Mexican consulate. If it's a boat you want, you won't even have the problem of picking and choosing between lines, because there is only one operating from here—the Cuba Mail. This company has two reasonably comfortable coastwise steamers on the Mexican run, the Mexico and the Monterey, and one or the other of them sails every Wednesday morning from Pier 13, East River, reaching Veracruz five days later after a brief stop at Havana. From Veracruz to Mexico City, which, according to an old custom, will probably be home base, is twelve long hours by rail, but don't moan if you have to make a daytime trip of it, for the track is laid through what is called scenery.

Cuba Mail has no objection to your travelling on your own, and even gives you a darned entertaining booklet, once you're aboard, to help you in the tight spots. On the other hand, it would just as lief escort you over every inch of your journey if strange tongues (dialects as well as languages, don't forget!) and First Times shatter you. The line offers a twenty-day cruise (eight days in Mexico City, with the usual side tours) and another of twenty-seven days (fifteen days there, ditto) at minimum rates of $230 and $265, first class. For those who love boats, but not too well, the line has also arranged a half-land, half-water junket which takes you there by boat and brings you back by train, or the other way around.

Taxis in Mexico City cost next to nothing; the fare for anywhere you want to go in town is only a peso, or about twenty cents, and rentals of private cars for trips like the one out to the floating gardens of Xochimilco are correspondingly low. Still, you may want to take your own car along, in which case Cuba Mail will be glad to stow it aboard at a round-trip cost of $130 for a light machine and $160 for a heavy one. Getting a car into the country is no problem so long as you promise to get it out again within three months; your operator's licence and registration are all the authorities want to see. One finicking regulation requires amber reflectors fore and aft, so get a couple before you start and save yourself a lot of rigmarole later. Incidentally, now that there's a self-respecting highway between Laredo, Texas, and Mexico City it's not too much of a chore to motor all the way down if time is no object.

Two air lines—Eastern and American—are trying to outdo each other in inveigling travellers to Mexico into their planes, and the result is that their services overlap here and there. Both will take you in sleeper planes to Texas; both have arrangements with Pan American to carry you on from there; both, once you reach Mexico City, are eager to help you run down to Yucatán for five days to be good and awed by those Grade A ruins of Chichen Itzá. Flying, by the way, is the only practical means of getting to Yucatán now that Cuba Mail has discontinued its calls at Progreso.

Each air line has its specialty, however. Eastern concentrates on taking you all over Central America; American's plum is a whopping finale with a swing up to Los Angeles and, if you're still game, a nip over to Hawaii, for pity's sake! A ten-day cruise to Mexico costs about $340 on either line; the dreamy extras are up to you.

As for those who are faithful to the railroads, independent souls will go straight to the station, buy a few feet of ticket, and be off, but others not quite so dashing will probably want someone to figure out the details for them. Among the many reliable travel agencies which for years have been smoothing the way for such clients, I can't think of a better three than Raymond-Whitcomb, at 670 Fifth Avenue (53rd); Marsh Tours, at 9 Rockefeller Plaza; and Gillespie, Kinports & Beard, at 8 West Fortieth Street. These places are expert at plotting a comfortable, leisurely course, although, like those old reliables, Cook's and the American Express, they can buckle down and produce a quickie trip on demand. The agencies naturally don't limit their attentions to train travellers and will gladly mix in some air and sea suggestions if you say the word.

Botanical postscript: Be kind to the maguey plant, if you see it down there. Those three drinkable high spots—pulque, tequila, and mescal—are its children and a strange worm (said to be as tasty as *escargots*) is its most intimate friend.

AMERICAN AIRLINES has been busy working out Alaskan tours, too, joining forces with the Alaska Steamship Company to make things softer for you. They'll fly you from New York to Vancouver and put you aboard a coastal steamer which takes you on the first lap of a ten-day round-trip crawl through the north by steamer, train, and river boat. When you get back to Vancouver after rubbing elbows with sourdoughs in places like Ketchikan, Wrangell, and Juneau, American will pick you up and fly you home again; $390 for the works. The air lines, in case you haven't travelled that way lately, are being smart about food nowadays; you get hot dishes when the weather calls for them, instead of that cold chicken they used to serve all the time. I'm particularly touched to find that American's snack cupboards (for in-between meals) contain strained fruits and vegetables for infant airmen as well as cheese and crackers for Ma.

The Alaska Steamship people don't just sit around with their hands folded waiting for American to bring them passengers. They have cruises of their own and, should you be motoring out, will put your car up for you in Seattle while you're in the north; you just roll onto the dock and they take care of the rest. They go on at a great rate about their "surprise ports"—unscheduled calls to pick up salmon and whatnot. You're as free as air, even on escorted cruises, while the crew goes about its cargo business, and the line suggests walking boots and fishing tackle for such occasions. This Alaska business is good and complicated; it takes a travel agent to make much sense out of the schedules. All I can tell you is that there's a lot of talk about upstream, downstream, inside passages, and the Yukon Circle. Also, that some sailings are already booked up. The place is popular. —K. C. B.

•

LABOR SHORTAGE
IN COHOES THREAT
TO RELIEF WORK

—*Headline in the Cohoes* (N. Y.) *American.*

It's a threat our country will meet bravely.

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his stuff. He read it. And you know how he reads—all that ranting and whispering and dramatic business. I think it's a lousy way to read poetry myself, and the draft board didn't know what to make of it. They said to leave the poems there and they'd have some experts come in and look at them. But Arthur wouldn't agree to that, either. If experts were coming in, he said, he wanted to be there too. So they said O.K., he should come in on a certain night. And he did, and the experts were there—a couple of schoolteachers, you know—and he read the poems again, and the teachers thanked him and said they'd let him know as soon as they reached a decision. That was all they'd say. Was he nervous till word came yesterday!

"I tell you, the last couple of weeks he's been in a state. I should have realized even more than I did how upset he was and been more tolerant. But God! He insisted on practicing his second reading four or five times on me, in that ranting way, and besides, I don't think much of Arthur's early stuff anyway. Did you ever read those poems? 'No Violence—No: A Sonnet Sequence,' they're called, and they stink. Well, the fourth or fifth time he was reading them to me, I let out some crack—you know, just criticizing some little detail—and before I knew it, Arthur was at me and taking a wild poke, and I was on my back and the blood was flowing and it turned out my nose was broken. Hence the bandage.

"Of course I don't hold it against Arthur. He feels terrible about it and it wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for this conscientious-objection business. He's O.K. again now. They tell him he'll probably be called up for some noncombatant work in a month or two." —FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

Man, 30, white, American, French speaking, 5′ 10″, size 38, athletic, excellent personality, chauffeur, blood donor, experienced social director; composed songs, silver tenor better than some on air; as cosmetician financed, announced, sung own program. Make me an offer. Box A289. —*Adv. in the World-Telegram.*

You'll have to give us a few minutes.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Honor Bright," by Frances Parkinson Keyes*]

. . . and in front of her was a small glass of amber-colored liquid on top of which a cherry was floating.

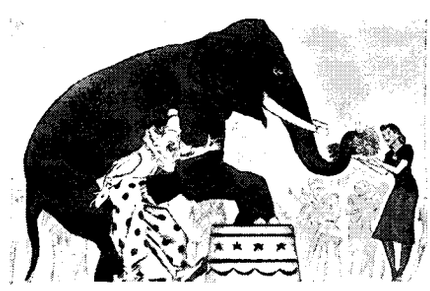
"Imagine getting flowers from an Elephant!"

1. Here's the story. I found a memo on my desk: "Get circus clown named Gustav to perform for kids with Algernon, his trained elephant!" Such is life in a Children's Hospital!

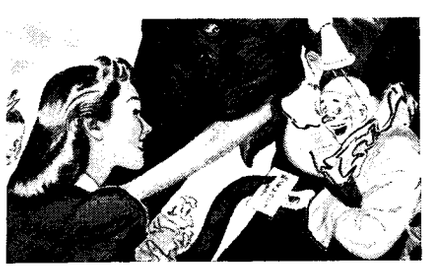
2. So I trudged over and located Gustav at the circus lunch counter. Without his make-up, he didn't look at *all* funny . . . just tired, and terribly peevish. But I got my spunk up and asked him to perform.

3. "Mam'selle, I mus' refuse. I am too tired," he sighed, with a weary gesture at the coffee urn on the counter. "It is because of coffee. I love coffee so much. But when I drink it I cannot sleep."

4. "I can fix that," I said. "If caffein keeps you awake, you should drink Sanka Coffee. It's gr-rand coffee! But 97% of the caffein is taken out. You can drink it and sleep." "We will see," said Gustav.



5. Well, who showed up this morning but Gustav and the elephant! After the show the elephant gave me a big bouquet. On it was a note: "Thanks for marvelous Sanka Coffee. I sleep like top! Gustav."



6. So I quickly scribbled a note for Gustav. It read: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says, 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein-effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN . . . "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening. See your paper for time and station.

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CLASS IV-C

ON his way home from the office at the end of the day, Mr. Kirby frequently stopped in at a rental library on Madison Avenue, around the corner from the apartment building where he lived. It was run by two near-sighted literary young men—Evans and Crandell, their names were—and Mr. Kirby had come to know them quite well from casual conversations with them while his eyes wandered back and forth over the mystery titles. The bookstore specialized in *avant-garde* publications, some in book form but for the most part orange or deep-green or magenta pamphlets, and magazines of verse, all of which Mr. Kirby left strictly alone. The bookstore was not a place he would ever have associated with violence, and Evans was certainly the last young man Mr. Kirby expected to see with his nose done up in bandages.

"For God's sake, Evans," he said, "what happened to your nose?"

"Oh, it happened the other night," Evans said nonchalantly. "By the way, did you hear that Crandell's finally been classified by the draft board as a conscientious objector? He just learned yesterday. Was he relieved!"

"How did he work it?" Mr. Kirby asked. "The last time I saw him he was worried because he wasn't a Quaker or something. He said he'd always believed like the Quakers, but he was afraid the fact he wasn't one would be what the board would go by."

"No. It turns out you don't have to belong to anything any more," Evans said. "You've just got to prove you've been a convinced pacifist since at least two years before the draft bill was passed. The local board asked Arthur if he could prove that, and he said he could. So they said go ahead, prove it. But he said he couldn't do it right then and there; he'd have to look up some pacifist poems he wrote a few years ago and bring them in. So they said O.K., he should bring them in."

"Which he did, and got classified the way he wanted to?" Mr. Kirby said.

"It didn't go quite as fast as that," said Evans. "He found the pacifist poems in some old magazines all right, and brought them in, and they said O.K., leave them and we'll notify you. But Arthur wouldn't let them get away with that. No, sir. He insisted on reading the poems to them then and there. They protested a little, but you know how Arthur is when he wants to read you

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regimented into two very wide box pleats front and back. The dress beneath presents a definite threat that the simple, straight-hanging chemise dress is about to return, though I suppose that this will be hotly denied. (I maintain, however, that the tiny inserts on this Bendel dress merely indicate a waistline and no more, and that it is almost uninterruptedly straight up and down.) The third knockout is a homespun tweed by LaChasse in a fabric that is very lovely—diamonds in two shades of gray green and yellow green. Its jacket is really long, with buttons down the front as far as the waistline. Finally, never forget that Bendel always harbors exquisite examples of the sort of thing Chanel made famous—print dresses and jackets to match, trimmed with cutout appliqué that flutters here and there to provide trim.

IF you and most of your friends had shared for years a wistful yearning to tan and thought you never could, you would thank heaven, as I and most of *my* friends do at this season, for Skol. You know—it's that non-greasy liquid which filters out the harmful rays of the sun and admits the beneficial, tanning ones, or something. Anyway, it proves itself phenomenal at helping to give an even and easy tan to new addicts every year. Since, however, everyone is caught flat-footed and unprepared at some time or other and picks up a painful burn, the people who make Skol have produced a new antiseptic cream which contains anaesthetics to numb the pain and remove the soreness while the healing process goes on. Aesthetically, it has the advantage of being made something like vanishing cream, and so goes smoothly into the skin without leaving a greasy finish. Abercrombie & Fitch have both Skol and the new cream and also the Skol sunglasses, which are not new but still are not well known. These glasses have ground lenses that are treated to admit enough of the sun's rays to tan you around the eyes. The thing I love about them is that though they dim the glare of the sun (and that of the chromium on your car), the colors you see through them remain absolutely true. The glasses cost $7.50, and no one who owns a pair begrudges a penny of it. —L. L.

•

He is the son of Admiral Thomas C. Hart, who is now somewhere in the Pacific in command of the Asiatic fleet and Mrs. Hart.—*Washington Post.*

Wears the pants, eh?

"O-o-o-h Adelbert, you make me feel like a bride again"

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT is cruelly difficult to feel chic during a New York summer. No matter how crisp your white piqué hat may look in the box, once you've got it on you're sure that the hot and rumpled face beneath is destroying its serenity; no matter how glacially cool your print dress looks on the hanger, your own wilted feeling makes it seem mussed the moment you get into it. The fact that people around you are likely to be wearing prints which must inevitably conflict with the pattern of your own makes the outlook even messier. You can brood quite a lot about such matters if you are constituted as I am, and find yourself contemplating with envy the aplomb of those rare women who have a way of never appearing ruffled about anything more important than the difficulty of getting a manicure appointment.

A visit to Hattie Carnegie, however, will console you with the realization that such assurance is partly purchasable. Holding the centre of the scene in the ready-to-wear department at the moment are such aids to bravado as a white shantung suit with a short, four-buttoned jacket, accompanied by a shantung blouse in navy blue. (The Duchess of Windsor owns one such, if that's the inducement you need.) Another is a suit of white cotton, as meticulously tailored as twill, with a fine red-and-navy crossbar check, accompanied by a white piqué shirt. For informal, easy evenings, the standout in both design and price is the $25 Carnegie original—a dinner dress with a tailored top slashed nearly to the waistline in front and a circular skirt with a belt from whose front hang two fat pouches into which you can slide your hands if you must have pockets. It comes in many heavenly colors and is the sort of thing you will slip into at every possible opportunity after dark. Equally helpful is the $15 hostess gown of crêpe (also in a wide range of colors) with loops of white braid going down either side of the deep V of its neck and around the waistline; its circular skirt is wraparound style, but a clever girl could have it closed with a zipper and traipse blithely in it to a dance.

The custom department also, naturally enough, houses treasures. An evening dress with a low, oval neckline and tiny sleeves, for instance, is made of cocoa-brown shantung printed with white polka dots, every other one of them outlined with silver-metal beads. This has a fitted jacket and is something special even in a season that is shantung-mad. There are joyous evening dresses of red-and-white peppermint-stick striped crêpe and others of tie silk with white striped boleros and hemlines made sparkling by silver sequins.

If you want your evenings nonchalant in a less ladylike way, go back to the ready-to-wear department, where there are beautiful dresses of black lace that are definitely ooh-la-la. One has a long-sleeved top which shows the skin beneath all the way down to the waistline, save where a tiny dead-black brassière intervenes; its narrow skirt is of black crêpe, slit to the knee at one side. Another dress, with short, ruffly sleeves, is demure enough except that the slip, pink chiffon over the bosom and black crêpe below the waist, is perfectly visible through the sheer black lace of the dress. As if that were not sufficiently naughty, the slip is little more than knee-length and gives a now-you-see-legs-now-you-don't aspect to the frothy skirt. And, for daytime or dinner, there is *a* blouse, of black point d'esprit with a ruffled jabot. The slip that you should buy to go with this gossamer nonsense has a top made of black lace over flesh-colored chiffon. It's wonderful.

BENDEL, in its custom salon, is showing some suits that not only are beautiful but seem to me to have Significance. A notable example is in white crêpe. It has a straight-hanging jacket with wide box pleats at the back, stitched down flat at the base; the dress has the same box-pleated treatment below its hip yoke and the pleats turn under at the hem. Then there is a stunning Molyneux suit of a pink crêpe printed with tiny black polka dots. Its coat is three-quarter-length and cut sort of like a polo coat, with buckled belt and all, but the usual fullness below the waist is

"Haven't you got something my husband could just tie to two trees?"

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THE RACE TRACK

Not Much for the Money

AS near as I can figure, and I'm a fairly close figurer, there won't be more than four starters in the Belmont Stakes on Saturday. It's not a question of cash or kudos, for The Belmont is still the most important race in America for three-year-olds, and will be worth around $40,000 to the winner, $5,000 to the second horse, $2,500 to the third, and $1,000 to the fourth —in addition to pieces of plate for the winning owner. The fact is that out of 338 horses originally put into it, only 47 are still eligible to run, and Whirlaway probably has scared off most of those.

To give you an idea of how the field for a great sweepstakes shrivels up (and a sidelight on the fallibility of thoroughbreds), 222 weanlings were nominated for The Belmont in December, 1938, and 116 yearlings before the deadline in December, 1939. Of the 338 thus entered, 90 were struck off the list before they reached racing age, 114 were withdrawn when they were two-year-olds for reasons best known to their owners, and 87 were declared out this April because they weren't up to snuff. Ill luck has not been idle among the good eligibles. New World, a top-class colt in my book, had to slip and bump a hip or something while walking in his barn, and Bold Irishman got a cough. Now, I daresay, another effort will be made to change the conditions of the race to let in older horses. Alfred Vanderbilt suggested last year that supplementary entries be permitted a few months before the running of the race, thus admitting any important horses who might bob up at the winter tracks. What with Whirlaway, even that wouldn't have made any real difference this year.

THE Coaching Club American Oaks suffered from the same blight, and only three fillies ran in it. I'm afraid there isn't much I can say about this year's Oaks. Level Best led Dark Discovery and Nasca by lengths most of the way, but won by no more than a neck. Doc Jones, her trainer, said that though her performance made him a bit nervous (you may guess how those who bet on her at 9–20 felt), it wasn't a surprise, for she has a way of slowing up when she sees the winning post. My own guess, though, is that Level Best simply tired. What saved the day for her was that by then Dark Discovery and Nasca were more tired than she was.

IT seemed too bad that just when Eight Thirty was about to get all the credit he deserves, his old leg trouble returned and he couldn't run in the Suburban. Just for that, Your Chance, his stablemate, won the race. Meade handled Your Chance better than Richards did in that minor race recently won by Whirlaway, but then lots of people will tell you Meade rides better than Richards every day. What surprised me was the utter discomfiture of Mioland; perhaps Charlie Howard's extraordinary run of luck is over. It wasn't the best Suburban I've ever seen, but it was the first crowd of 50,000 —53,904, to give you the turnstile count—I've been in since newspaper estimates of Kentucky Derby attendance passed the 70,000 mark and started working up.

A WANDERING observer of mine, prowling about the paddock the other day in search of a daily double, overheard a trainer remark to a colleague, "One good thing about this coughing, it gives you some extra alibis." Most of the two-year-olds have stopped barking their heads off and we'll probably see some of the convalescents at Aqueduct. The colts I liked best last week were Rodney, who didn't win (but will soon or I'll miss my guess), and Soldier Song, who did. Soldier Song isn't a bad name for a colt by Man o' War and Song, but by any chance were Sam Riddle and The Jockey Club's registrar thinking about "The Soldier's Song," the national anthem of Eire?

Speaking of names reminds me that a filly by Compensatory and Dream Girl II is called Xanthisidrite. You'll find it, along with other names that will haunt you, in Harry Buck's 1941 edition of "Horses in Training."

IMPROVEMENT OF STEEPLECHASING NOTE: Every jumping race last week was won by the favorite.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Lois please call for your clothes. Lakehurst 2-1121, Alameda. Captain de Zita. —*Adv. in the Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

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THE AVIATION IDEA IN AN AUTOMOBILE

deed, are not so much printed as published, like pieces of unhappy fiction.

Because, like the Paris mark, the Paris franc has nothing behind it but the Germans, the upper-class French *collaborationistes* figure that if the Germans were defeated and run out of France, the franc would fall flat, as the German mark did after the last war. And if the franc fell flat, then the lower-class French would make a revolution. And if they made a revolution, then France would have Communism, in contrast to the more orderly Germany, which, as a result of defeat and flattened currency, got only National Socialism. In the meantime, Paris also has National Socialism, in addition to Occupation and a franc that stands at forty-three to the dollar.

Today Paris is the thermometer that shows the degree of financial and political collaboration going on between Vichy and Berlin. If the French collaborate enough, the Germans might possibly withdraw, they say, from the Place de la Concorde. Few French émigrés in the United States think that Paris, even if it became unoccupied, would be really free. In fact, few of them think that there is more than a syllable's worth of difference anyhow between *La France Occupée* and *Inoccupée*. All of France has in truth become the silent partner of the firm which has its front office in Berlin. —JANET FLANNER

•

My new—and rather expensive—rug is shedding what seems to me to be a large amount of fluff. Is there something wrong with it? Another thing—is it worth while to go underneath it?—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Sure. Anything to stop the fluff.

•

Chop four slices of bacon and cook until crisp. Combine with 1 cup diced pineapple, 1 tomato, cut in small pieces, and 1 cup sliced celery. Serve on watercress or lettuce with mayonnaise.

This is a very rich, creamy chocolate pie, which I know you'll love.—*From Mary Meade's column in the Chicago Tribune.*

You're quite a card, aren't you!

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT
(MILITARY SECRETS DIVISION)

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Gene Tunney, former world's heavyweight champion, is the inventor of a device which he has given to the Navy, it was learned yesterday. Navy authorities kept the nature of the invention secret, but it was learned that it was an exerciser, the use of which twenty-five minutes daily will reduce the waistline.

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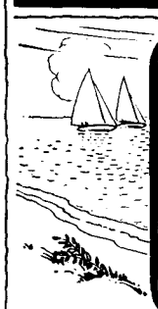

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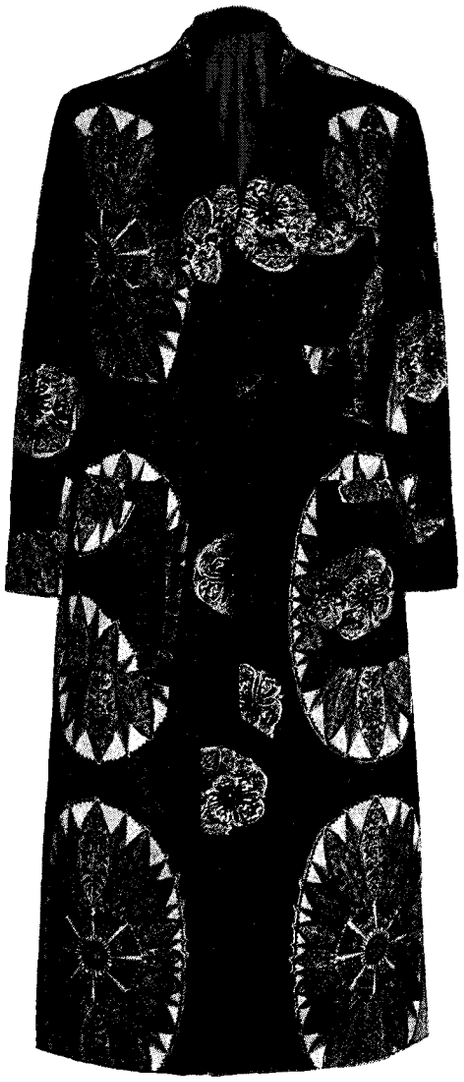
Socialist paper in Marseilles, has been sufficiently unruly to be forced to suspend publication temporarily.

WHEN the Germans entered Paris last June, there was a rumor that they came in with their printing presses, paper, and ink on trucks, all ready to start putting out their unexpected Paris edition of reichsmarks. Whether they printed them on the spot or brought them along from Berlin, the marks were so fresh that the ink came off on chic *Parisiennes'* white gloves. There was also the story that the Germans seized the gold reserve in the Banque de France. The truth is that currency in Occupied France now has no more to do with gold than it has to do with potatoes, because money there has become purely a publishing venture. Paper money customarily has bullion behind it; the Paris marks had nothing behind them but the German army. Money is ordinarily pegged to prevent inflation; the Germans pegged the French franc at twenty to the mark, not to control it but to pillage it. Though the Paris reichsmark was German, it had no value in Germany, as Nazi soldiers in France discovered when they optimistically sent the French marks back home in letters to their families. French marks had so little value—aside from the fact that each mark furnished a tidy profit of twenty francs clear to the Germans when it was put in circulation—that American bankers in France called them monkey money. The value of French marks became dubious even in the Germans' eyes when, a few months ago, the English counterfeited these notes and in a fantastic bombardment sent the doubly bogus money floating down out of the skies onto French soil. Shortly after this, the Germans began withdrawing their own issue. No one who isn't in the Nazi High Command knows why. Ordinary democratic bankers have lots of theories, but the theories don't jibe.

Until the end of February, the billions of francs which the Germans collected from the French in fulfillment of the armistice terms were sold in Switzerland (the last international bourse now operating in Europe) by the Nazis to acquire exchange, which became pesos to pay for Nazi organization in South America, or which became dollars to pay for the German consuls and their friends in the United States, or which became any one of the various free currencies the Nazis must have to operate abroad. As for the French francs, which have never ceased being printed in Paris, they, in-

CIRFA PRINTS IN WEST AFRICAN DESIGNS



In these prints Britain has not only again delivered the goods (sturdy English cottons), but has delivered them in an entirely new set of patterns. Brilliant colors for brilliant summer days on the beach, the lake, or at the swimming pool.

Trunks, $5.00 *Shirts*, $5.00
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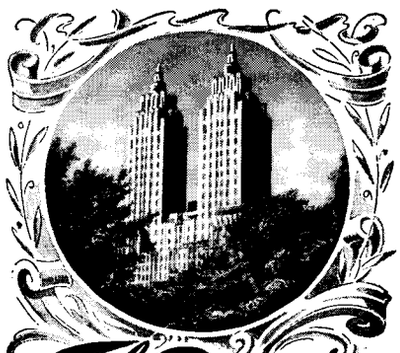

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translated into alcohol and used as an ingredient in an ersatz for gasoline. In Cognac, where the Hennessys distill their famous Three Star, the Nazis bought up the old brandies, leaving the young ones in the wood. The French are glad and say they will have a chance to mature for the bottoms-up toast when the Nazis are driven out by the English.

IF most of the leading New York newspapers and magazines had to pack up on a day's notice and flee with their office boys, private papers, and a few of the staff to somewhere west of the Mississippi, where the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* had to dicker with the Emporia *Gazette* to use its presses and become two-page Kansas locals; if the *Mirror* and *Life*, without photographs, came out in Utah; if the *Post* were seized and George Backer, its publisher, and Dorothy Thompson were put in a concentration camp in the Catskills; if the *Christian Science Monitor's* editor were arrested as a believer in magic—then New York would have some idea of what has happened to the rich newspaper business of Paris. Paris, which had nineteen major daily journals, used to be the biggest newspaper city in the world, with the largest total circulation. The loss of money to management and employees in the past year's flight and castration of the Paris papers is so far incalculable, but it must run into billions of francs. Of all the businesses in France, the press is in the worst spot, because it falls into the category of what both Vichy and Paris officially entitle "*l'expression de la pensée humaine*" and can be censored and suppressed to the point of bankruptcy, especially when the censorship of "the expression of human thinking" is combined with a drastic shrinkage of paper supply, readers, and advertising. Theatres, books, and the radio also come under the head of "human thinking" but get out from under easier. Today, few ex-Paris papers now being printed on small-city rented presses in the Unoccupied Zone have anything like the circulation they used to have. The first post-armistice edition of *Figaro*, published after its flight from Paris, consisted of five hundred copies and looked like a school paper. The Unoccupied Zone's daily papers regularly consist of one sheet and twice a week two sheets. Though a one-sheet edition cuts costs, what advertising remains cannot produce much revenue. The main income is from the *petites annonces*, which used to be a few francs a line and mostly about situations wanted, and are now ten to twenty francs a line, except for advertisements for lost persons, now fifty francs a line. Parents run *annonces* for their missing children, and organizations caring for waifs print photographs, physical descriptions, and circumstances in which they were found.

Two of the best-known Paris reporters are now selling newspapers on the streets of Marseilles. On the midget newspapers in Paris, usually limited to four pages daily, only dwarfed staffs can be used, and few demobilized typesetters and reporters got their jobs back. Absolutely no newspaper printed in the Unoccupied Zone can pass into the Occupied Zone. This is to prevent the modicum of world and local news such journals contain from seeping in. A peasant's bundle wrapped in an old newspaper from the Unoccupied Zone cannot be taken across the demarcation line.

Le Journal, now completely pro-Vichy, is published in Lyons, as is *Figaro*. *Figaro* was one of a few Paris papers which, during the flight from the capital, heroically moved some of their presses as far as Tours. A half-hour later, as the Germans poured in, they had to be abandoned. Other Paris papers now resident in Lyons include *Le Temps*, sedate, select, and pro-government as usual, and *Paris-Soir*. This last is nearly all that is left of the fabulously successful publishing properties of the multimillionaire Jean Prouvost, whose picture weekly, *Match*, with a circulation of two and a half million, ranked as the French *Life*. The Germans in Paris have taken over *Match* and publish it as an ersatz called *La Semaine*. Another Prouvost money-maker, *Marie-Claire*, a Paris *Ladies' Home Journal* with a circulation of a million and a quarter, the Germans have displaced with a Nazi substitute called *Pour Elle*. *Marie-Claire*, though now almost unrecognizable, is still published, in Lyons, and offers articles which try to explain how to make tasty soup on soup tickets or how to make a smart dress, though no materials can be bought.

Any Paris newspaper now publishing in the Unoccupied Zone is known as a *replié*, a new, important word in today's French vocabulary. A *replié* is a business which has with German permission transferred itself from Occupied to Unoccupied France, as distinguished from refugees who unwillingly fled. All the *replié* Paris newspapers now publishing in Vichy France must follow the Vichy political line or be suppressed. *Figaro*, as a relict of a former aristocratic snobbery, is faintly pro-British, at least in its literary comments. *Le Mot d'Ordre*, a new

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no matter what Vichy silently signs or Paris screams, the average Frenchman thinks is his only possible savior.

However, despite what happens to Paris dresses and hats, the French gloves which American lady tourists loved are still being made in Unoccupied France's Grenoble, where the artisans have enough fine leather but nearly no market. The French, who can't afford gloves, go barehanded. Some Grenoble gloves still occasionally reach the United States on blockade-running ships. The only other French luxury industry still functioning anything like normally is the perfume industry centred around the flower fields of Grasse. For a while, French perfume was being flown over the Atlantic by Clipper.

There has been a rumor in New York that the Bordeaux vineyards in Occupied France have been ripped up by the Nazis. This is untrue. The report apparently started because in southeastern Unoccupied France, and especially in Provence, where low-grade vineyards are common and potato patches rare, the peasants, worrying over the food shortage, dug up their vines and planted future *pommes frites*. What the Nazis have been digging into are the vintage Bordeaux reserves. These the *Bordelais* are trying to hide rather than let them go to the Germans; a bottle of Château Lafite 1929 has considerable food and medicinal value to an underfed, undoctored French stomach. The Bordeaux women, in the absence of their men held prisoners in Germany or scattered as refugees in Unoccupied France, are tending the vineyards. As for the quality of the wine itself, 1940 was, symbolically enough, a very bad year.

Since the Germans have never liked Burgundy wine, which they consider too potent and full-bodied, they have left this vintage in peace. All the French vineyards suffer from lack of manpower and of sulphur to keep off pests. In Rheims, which is Occupied, the Nazis have already requisitioned, and paid for, twenty-four million bottles of champagne, which they dote on. This is about fifteen per cent of the entire stock. If the Occupation continues long enough, the Rheims merchants fear, the Nazis will drink their way through the remaining eighty-five per cent. There is plenty of as yet unbought armagnac in the Gers region of the Unoccupied Zone. Spirits, like marc from Burgundy, Calvados applejack from Normandy, and the cheaper grades of *fines* from all over, find a ready wholesale market with the Germans. They are

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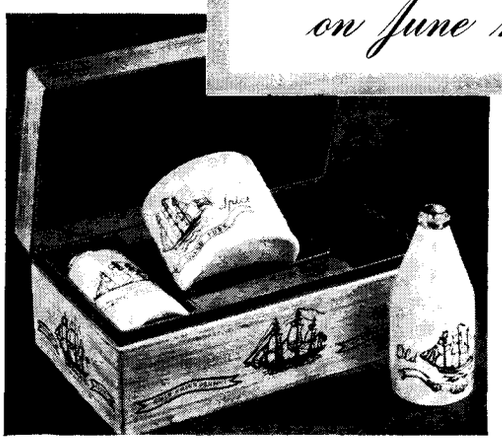
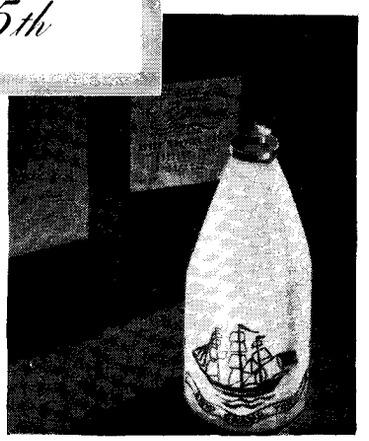
For the
FATHERS
OF OUR COUNTRY
on June 15th

Old Spice Shave Soap in pottery mug. Free lathering and long-lasting . . $1

Old Spice Shave Set—Shave Soap in mug and After-Shaving Lotion . . $2





Old Spice Shave Set—Shave Soap in pottery mug, After-Shaving Lotion and Talcum $2.75

Old Spice After-Shaving Lotion. Convenient sprinkler top. 8 oz. $1.75. 4 oz. $1.00

Mark this historic day in Father's year with gifts of special significance—Old Spice Toiletries—outstanding in quality, American in tradition. The pottery containers and the wood-veneered chests, decorated with historic trading ships, add to the gift appeal of these fine men's products. Available singly, or in combination sets from $1.75 to $5.00.

A new Shaving Cream in either brushless or lather type, in a large tube . . . 50¢

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"They say GEORGE is a new man since he took that rest cure with LADY SEYMOUR"

● M-m-m! Seems that somebody has an understanding wife! But wait — here's summer refreshment that any man can enjoy, and *every wife* can sanction. For *Lady Seymour* SUMMER LIGHT, a mere shadow of a blanket, offers the airy comfort that invites drowsiness, that promotes restful slumber.

No toss, no turn — featherweight SUMMER LIGHT never makes its presence felt. No draughts or early morning chill, either! None of *Lady Seymour's* protective quality has been sacrificed in the construction of this all-wool summer blanket. No threatening air invasions by night — no muscular stiffness the next morning — less chance of summer colds with SUMMER LIGHT!

And *Lady Seymour* has taken on a new beauty in SUMMER LIGHT. Obtainable in a wide variety of pastel shades that will give a soft, flattering glow to every bedroom.

CIEL BLUE • ROSE DUST • WOODROSE
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Lady Seymour SUMMER LIGHT
a dream of a blanket!

Ask at Lord & Taylor, New York, or other leading department stores. About $6.95.

SEYMOUR WOOLEN MILLS, SEYMOUR, IND.

death, the Nazis are apparently weeding out the financial underbrush in the way of their stated object of eventually using France mainly as an agricultural oasis.

In demanding that even big French businesses disastrously proceed as if there had been no defeat anywhere in Europe last year, the Germans feel they are making their own victory, advertised to last for the next thousand years, more certain. In requisitioning businesses that are temporarily useful, they are paralyzing them forever. In buying their way into the powerful, basic French north-country industries, the Nazis have re-established themselves as international financiers for the first time since the last war and moreover have tied to them, in mutual self-interest, talented French big businessmen who commercially survived this war, and who, like the vital industries they were concerned with, are now part of the vast, complicated, profoundly thought-out European trade organization, optimistically designed to operate from the Atlantic to the Ural Mountains, from the Golden Horn to the North Sea, which will supposedly work hereafter for a boss in Berlin.

There are two reasons the Germans take so much trouble with the French. First, the Germans, who now have a racial-superiority complex, are hypersensitive about the French conviction that the Huns are permanently barbarians. Second, the more trouble the Germans take with the French, the less trouble the French make for the Germans, and for the present German tact pays. As if conducting a gigantic Freudian advertising campaign aimed to wipe from French memory the Germans' 1914-18 *Schrecklichkeit* slogan, today in Paris the Nazis pathologically, patiently plug the idea of *collaborationisme* in the country they are equally patiently destroying, while to the ruined French population they toss out legal papers like handbills. It is the impression of French refugees in America that the Nazis are assassinating France by sticking a lawyer's quill through her heart.

AS investors in France, the Germans wisely disdained taking over what is in consequence known as Unoccupied France, always a picturesque losing proposition, even for the French, with its arid hills and comparatively minor industries. American tourists have with pleasure always thought of France as producing French peasants, smart clothes, perfumes, gloves, and wine. A million French peasants taken captive in the war are imprisoned in Germany, and the grain seeds their wives and daughters wanted to plant are in Occupied France's Departments of the Seine-et-Oise and Eure, centres of the seed industry, and therefore are as good as in the Germans' bag. The fine, fat-bottomed Percherons (grazed on the meadows around Occupied Chartres) which used to work the farms were taken by the French Army, then by the German Army. It is a good thing that French peasants owned more oxen than tractors, since, naturally, there is not a drop of French gasoline. When enterprising peasants go to the Nazis for gasoline, they not only pay dearly but often also pay for calling attention to their crops, of which the Nazis request, and will pay for out of the French government's pockets, sixty per cent. Because of the return-to-the-land movement encouraged by both Paris and Vichy, some synthetic peasants have drifted away from the city streets. It is especially hard now to become an improvised farmer; no new implements can be bought, as France has nearly no metal left for manufacturing them. Many of the city clerks who have become peasants have gone back to the earth not because they believe in it but because land means food, and the country is also a way of escape, like drink, night clubs, or literature.

What was once the fashion centre of the world is being shifted by the Nazis from Paris to Vienna. This will doubtless finish off the remaining silk mills and looms in Lyons and Roanne, where weavers are already working only part time on diminished stocks that can't last much longer, now that they have finished several good orders for German parachutes. At what moment, after a war is over, you start working for or with the enemy is another troubling factor in Unoccupied France. Without work, workmen nearly starve; with work, they help their former enemy to starve out the island across the Channel, which,

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the interest of his particular French bank, would request the French company to repay to the bank the loan with which practically every prewar French business was unhappily loaded. When the firm honestly claimed it was unable to pay up, with postwar business at a standstill, the agent would mention foreclosure, bankruptcy, or even new capital, which, just by chance and as proof of their wish to collaborate with the French, the Nazis would gladly invest in an additional issue of shares that would give them fifty-one per cent of the company's stock. *Et voilà und Sieg Heil.* The Frenchmen in whose companies the Nazis now own a majority of the shares are called *collaborationistes*; up to date they are reported to be receiving their normal dividends. Of their situation, these Frenchmen say, when they say anything, first that they frankly felt flattered at being taken safely under German protection, then that France was defeated and they could not help themselves, and finally that it might be worse.

It is indeed much worse when the Nazis take over not part but all of a business and pay nothing for it. This is known as requisition, which in times of war is perfectly legal, and it is invariably accompanied by the Germans' correct presentation of a perfectly legal receipt. As proof that the French businessman's business has been only borrowed, not permanently seized, and that it still belongs to him, though the Nazis are using it freely, the Frenchman still has to pay his rent, if by chance he does not own his office or factory. Businesses requisitioned by the Nazis are of a type not sufficiently fundamental in the New Order industrial setup of Europe to be worth the Germans' politely buying their way in, or are firms which already had been requisitioned by the French government, when the war was on, because they were useful, or are firms which refuse to be useful enough to the Nazis now that the French and Germans are supposedly at peace. In any case, requisition, the second type of German economic destruction, means bankruptcy, whether the Frenchmen collaborate or resist.

The owners of one requisitioned textile mill in the rich north were requested to collaborate by the regional Nazi expert, who told them that the Germans hoped it would continue working, that it must first sell the German authorities what goods they wanted, then the German trade, and finally the French consumer, and that volume and prices must not alter. As French mills had no equipment for spinning ersatz fibre, which, by German order, must constitute thirty per cent of all textile production, and as raw materials were almost completely unavailable, a director of the firm courteously said he feared the German demand was probably impossible. He was arrested for disorderly conduct, the other directors were given a useless week to meet the German requirements, and seven days later the Germans took over. Examples of such high-handedness by regional German administrators, all of them oddly free to act according to their individual whims, are rare enough not to invalidate the Germans' general reputation for correctness but common enough to keep the French addled, on edge, and fearful. The only properties in Occupied France that the Nazis have actually confiscated without any legal fiddle-faddle belonged to the English and the Jews.

A third type of German destruction of French commerce has been practiced among the small industrial fry and little luxury businesses devoted to making people prettier, plumper, or gayer, or, indeed, making them anything unnecessary in Nazi Germany's eyes. In Occupied France, every business, large or small, has been ordered to keep open with the same number of employees as before the defeat, or close. Many little businesses, as the Nazis expected, have had to close. They run out of stock and shut down, or shut down because they have not run out of stock and want to save it; they run out of money to pay for their French business licence, without which they would be shut down anyhow; above all, they exhaust their surplus to pay their plethora of employees, who, like everybody's employees, cannot buy enough to create the profits on which the businesses could stay open. One small-fry metal-novelty company, which did not want to go out of existence or give its hundred and fifty workers over to the dole or labor camps in Germany, for months manufactured bolts one week, melted them down the next, remanufactured them the next, and so on till some legitimate orders came in. A little cannery which put up Bar-le-Duc preserves ran out of glass jars but found a local potter who could make clay pots for it, thus saving itself and him. Some energetic small French businesses have tried to turn to manufacturing ersatz products but have discovered what the Nazis knew—that the basis of any good ersatz is always some ordinary raw material. In letting the small French businesses die an unnatural

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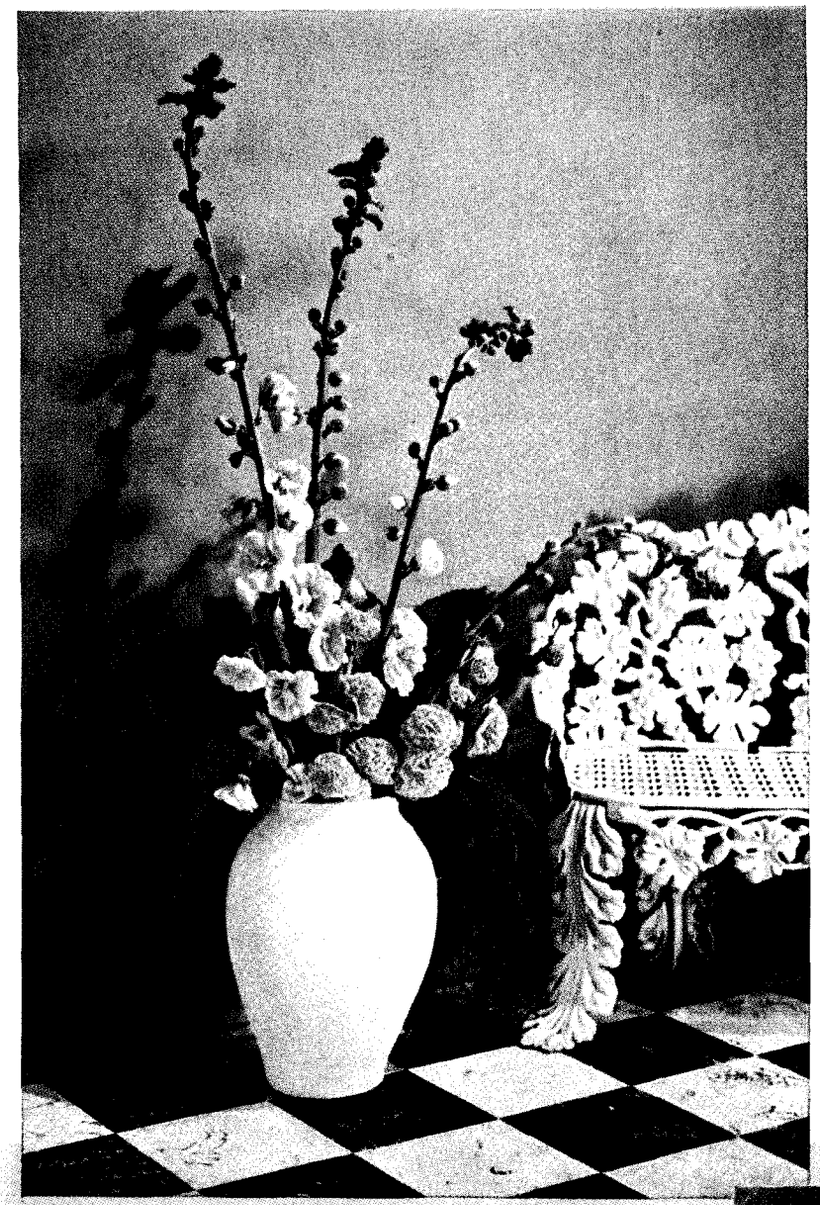
If you have designs on pleasant living



Hollyhocks,—one of a series of arrangements illustrated and diagramed in the book offered on this page.

The refreshing things you do . . . the placing of a picture, a bit of furniture . . . a table-setting . . . all go to let your home express you. Flowers, too, which speak so well for themselves, can be made to say nice things about you . . . in the way you arrange them attractively. And speaking of refreshing things—that's where ice-cold Coca-Cola comes in . . . on a tray, in a bowl, or how you please. Everybody welcomes the pure, wholesome refreshment of ice-cold Coca-Cola.

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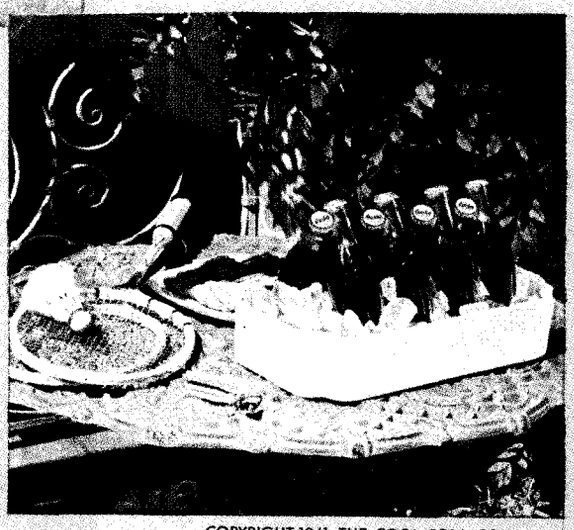

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